

THE COOK'S NOOK

BY HELEN C. RICHAN
Central Maine Power Company
Lewiston, Maine

BIRTHDAYS—a bright spot, a great joy, an event welcomed by the child, and one we feel the world would be better off without after we leave twenty-five years behind us. Yet deep-down in our hearts we all love a birthday celebration and a candle-mounted cake, so let's do one to please some one else and incidentally get a life-sized "kick" out of it ourselves.

I am so filled with enthusiasm over a successful seven year old's cake and party that I want to pass on ideas to the rest of you.

First and foremost the cake, without which no birthday is complete, whether or not there is a party. Any good base will do, but it should be baked round and iced and decorated in some way. If you want something a little bit different, try

Daffodil Cake

White part:
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup sifted cake flour
6 egg whites
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
Pinch of salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon almond
Sift sugar and flour together four times. Beat egg whites until foamy, add salt and cream of tartar and beat until stiff, but not dry. Fold in dry ingredients little at time, being careful not to beat out air. Add Yellow part:
6 egg yolks
1/2 cup sugar
Pinch salt
1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 cup boiling water
1/2 teaspoon vanilla or orange extract

Beat egg yolks until very light, add sugar and salt gradually and beat for three minutes. Sift flour and baking powder four times. Add flour and boiling water alternately. Flavor with vanilla or orange extract.

In baking, the white part of your Daffodil Cake rises through the yellow so the position is just reversed in the baked cake.

The first icing of a cake which is going to be decorated with a pastry tube should be nothing more than a wash—just something for the piping to cling to. And don't bear down too hard on the piping. Well do I remember my first attempt—the beautiful Angel Cake collapsed. It more nearly resembled the ruler of the underworld than anything to be classed with seraphs.

Colored flowers and fruits may be purchased to augment our efforts at trimming—only we'd do well to remember that a few will make a handsome sight and too many a perfect fright.

Edible place cards may be made of a jelly bean or gum drop, slit to hold a card bearing the guests' names, fastened with half a toothpick to a marshmallow standard.

Attractive favors for a young person's party may be apple men—and if the "young persons" are boys there probably won't be anything left but the tooth-picks. Wash and rub apples until shiny. Insert three whole cloves down the front for buttons. Make arms and legs of "stick" gum-drops with jelly beans for hands and feet. Insert a toothpick at the stem end and on this place a marshmallow for a collar, then a large gum-drop for head with eyes and nose of whole cloves and mouth of a sliver of nut meat. A round piece of paper with half a jelly bean or a tiny gum-drop on a toothpick makes a dashing hat.

Note: These have to be made in a sitting-down position, as the tooth-pick legs will not bear the weight of the apple.

Plan something for each very small person to take home, even if game winning has to have a little adult management. At a very young age success of the party depends somewhat on the spoils.

To forget party doings and get back to the family dinner table—try these sometime to serve with cold ham. They're delicious.

Potato and Cheese Balls

Press grated cheese in balls about 1/4 inch thick. Cover with cold seasoned mashed potatoes. Dip in egg and fine crumbs. Place in frying basket and cook in deep hot fat (380 deg.) to a golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper.

And these would be ever so good to serve instead of potato chips, with a crabmeat or vegetable salad.

And maybe not alone with the very young, only the question of the "management" had better be omitted!

Here is a "covered skillet" recipe which you are sure to enjoy—particularly when you count the small cooking cost.

Meat Patties and Corn

1 lb. ground beef
1 cup tomato soup
2 tablespoons flour
2 onions, thinly sliced
4 potatoes, thinly sliced
2 cups canned corn
Salt and pepper
Paprika
2 tablespoons fat

Method: Form meat into patties (makes 6) and brown in the hot fat, using large unit switched to "high." Remove. Add flour to fat, stir until smooth, add tomato soup, then stir until blended. Add potatoes, onions, corn and seasonings. Place meat patties on top. Cover. When steam comes freely from the vent in the cover, turn the current off. Cook about 50 minutes on stored heat. Remember not to remove the cover. The steam does the trick.

BOY SCOUT NEWS

TROOP 165 BETHEL

The Boy Scouts held their weekly meeting at the Legion Rooms, Monday. Scoutmaster Earl Davis and Assistant Scoutmaster Edwin Brown were present.

After the regular opening, dues were collected and the Scribe's report read. The contest now stands: Eagle Patrol—1970, Bear Patrol—105. This contest ends at the next meeting.

Patrol meetings were held. Several members of the Bear Patrol passed the Second Class signalling test during the Patrol meeting.

After the game period the meeting was closed by repeating the third Scout Law. Scout Scribe—Talbot Crane.

BRYANT POND

The church Christmas tree Sunday evening was well attended. The Boy Scouts had charge of the soliciting for presents, and a gift and an orange were given to nearly two hundred town children.

Dorothy Billings is home for the Christmas holidays from her school in South Portland and Roydon Billings from Milford.

Miss Ruby Willard is spending two weeks at home from South Ryegate, Vt.

Mrs. G. Howard Judkins has returned home from the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary, Portland. Miss Edith Smith of Lawrence, Mass., and Clyde Brooks of Portland spent the week end at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Newton will spend Christmas in Dixfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Farnum have moved from Mrs. England's house to the one owned by H. Alton Bacon where Fred Deschon's family lived for many years. It has been newly papered and painted and a furnace and bathroom installed.

Franklin Grange elected Saturday night the following officers:

Master—Otis Dudley
Overseer—Linwood Felt
Lecturer—Alice Dudley
Chaplain—Rev. James MacKillop
Steward—Everett Davis
Secretary—G. W. Q. Perham
Treasurer—Florence Cushman
Gate Keeper—Forest Twitchell
Ceres—Iva Ring
Pomona—Barbara Cole
Flora—Rachel Twitchell
Lady assistant steward—Lettie Day

Assistant steward—Bernard Cushman
Chorister—Annie Davis
Executive committee—Oscar Twitchell

vis will be the installing officer.

The installation and all day meeting will be held Jan. 4th. Ellis Da-

WEST GREENWOOD

Albert Swan of Locke Mills was in town one day recently, collecting unpaid taxes.

Mrs. Sophie Conner visited one day with her daughters.

Paul Croteau is cutting birch for B. L. Harrington.

Alden Wilson spent the week end at home.

Bill Harrington is hauling wood for Barnard Harrington.

The scholars are having a vacation.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cole and family visited at E. L. Dunham's on Rowe Hill, Sunday, where a family gathering was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Ford, and Wesley Cole of Locke Mills called on Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cole, Sunday.

Raymond Seames of Howe Hill visited with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Cole, recently.

Mrs. Beryl Martin and land, Miss Mary Martin Mills visited with William in the Western Maine Sunday and also visited and Mrs. Edwin Farr and with Mr. and Mrs. Myers low at West Poland.

School closed Friday Christmas vacation. A program was given in the and the children enjoyed a mas tree.

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF RESIDENT OWNERS

STATE OF MAINE
Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Woodstock, County of Oxford, for the year 1935.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident me for collection for said Town, on the fourth day of May, unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes, interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold at public auction at the Town Office, Hall, or

Buildings k room at L Val. of la Val. \$5,000 value \$750 Land bound Bros. Est. land of F Co. on We 1 Acre 10 Land bound on Eas a South by Value of Total valua Will, Est. est. and Franklin South by 1 Range 2 A Lot 12 Rang Range 4 A Acres 55, Elmer C. Lot 12 Rang Lot 14 Rang Range 11 \$350.00 Land bound Wester pa 60, Value Land bound est. on Ea Dr. Willar on West by land of Jo Kimball, L North-west Acre 30, Herbert L. land, Virgi known Land bound East by la of Harry line, Lot 9 10 Range 1 Land bound field on Ea by main ro Lot 9 Rang Henry O. Land bound on East by Government Bros. est. 1 Value of b J. A. Est. Lot 2 Range 7 Acres 16 \$60 Value \$550.00 Land bound 2 Range 7 Acres 160 Value \$800 Land bound L. Edward Range 3 A Land bound of Stearns B. Skee. B. 17, 1935 LILLIAN L. BROWN, Co

Real Estate located in West Woodstock Name of Owner Description of Property Amt. of Tax Cox, Mrs. Aaron About 5A from Old Jerry Curtis Farm Part Christie Inn lot N of Gore Rd. Christie, E. W. Cummings, E. L. Heirs G. G. Dow farm, 140A in lots 9, 10 & 16 Chas. Clark farm, 115A in lots 9 & 16 O. T. Lurvey farm 100A in lot 15 Wood Lot set in from Paris, 30A lot 29 Land between Rowe Hill Rd & Lake Christopher, 15A, Gore A Woodland and pasture South Rowe Hill about 40A, Gore A North Stone Quarry,

One-third Summer Home and Lot on W sh Lake Christopher Part R. K. Dunham lot E side Lake Christopher with buildings Guernsey Island, Lake Christopher

Gadding, Theodore Christie's Camplot with buildings southerly s Gore Road Johnson, Robert Lot adj'ng Sybil Johnson homestead lot Merril, Guy F. Campot, E shore North Pond Verrill, Fred C. Richardson Mill Privilege, 3A Whitman, Ralph Lander's farm, part lot 18 E. W. and 1/2 lot W. W.

Real Estate located in East Woodstock Allain, Peter North end of lot 1, Irish survey, 45A Bisbee, A. S. Camp & Garage, N shore Concord Pond Curtis, Emma Z. Summer cottage, camps and lots E shore Sh Pond Dow, Fred Heirs 300A in lots 101, 102, 112, 113, Ben Davis farm Foster, C. E. Heirs 97, 100 acres

Lot 96, 100A Lot 46, 100A Lot 81, 100A Lot 82, 100A Lot 75, 100A Lot 72, 100A Lot 85, 100A Lot 71, 100A 60A in Lot 84

Kendall, F. E. Camp and Lot W shore Shagg Pond Stevens, A. H. Coffage & lot with garage, Shagg Pond Tainter, Mrs. W. W. Camplot, Concord Pond Tebbets, D. H. & Tebbets, E. L. Lot 100, 100 acres

Lot 104, 100A Lot 97, 100A Lot 103, 100A West half lot 102, 50A Part lot 99, 80A Part lot 98, 65A Standing timber on I. W. Robbins farm West half lot 101, 50A 15A in lot 10

Verrill, Fred C. Lunt Farm, part lots 87 & 88, 150A December 16, 1935 ALDEN CHASE, Tax Collector, Town of Woodstock

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF RESIDENT OWNERS

STATE OF MAINE
Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Hanover, County of Oxford, for the year 1935.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident me for collection for said Town on the eighth day of May, remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes, interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction in Hanover Union Hall in said Town, on the first Monday in February 1936, at nine o'clock A. M.

Name of Owner Description of Property Amt. of Tax including interest and charges Conner, Est. or Kimball Range 15, No. 10 on north Bingham E. South by M. Valuation of below \$64,000.00

Commerford, Dr. R. J. Jewett lots Nos. 7 & 8 and Camp lot bought Walter Morse. \$36.00 plus costs Dunton, H. C., Heirs or Devisees of Cottage and Stable; bounded: No. by town road E. by Zenas Morse; So. by Pond.

Bean, Vear Pasture back of Grist Mill, bounded: No. by J. Staples; S. by Foster Est.; E. by Foster Est. W. by J. B. Roberts. \$16.00 plus cost Sawmill site at Hanover, bounded: No. by P. Road; E. by Foster Est.; W. by McPherson So. by Hanover Dowell Co.

Clemens, Paul Mineral Spring lot, bounded: No. and W. Brown Co.; So. by Pond Road; E. by F. Howe. \$18.00 plus cost

Virgin, R. J., Heirs or Devisees of Hemlock Island. \$20.00 plus cost Fortier, Harold 3 lots at Pond. \$3.00 plus cost Stratton, R. B. Hoddon Homestead, bounded: W. So. by P. Road; No. by B. J. Russell; E. Hayford. \$2.50 plus cost

Dec. 16th, 1935 WALLACE SAUNDERS, Collector of Taxes of the Town of Hanover, Oxford County, Maine

All the significant news of the world, gathered by 5,500 correspondents, tensely, concisely, yet completely told, and superbly illustrated with action photographs.

This Week's Features:

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EUROPEAN SITUATION GROWS IN INTENSITY

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES FROM AFRICAN WAR FRONT

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COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF NON-RESIDENT OWNERS

STATE OF MAINE

said taxes on lands situated in the Town of Albany, in the following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners of Oxford, for the year 1935, committed to collection for said Town on the 27th day of April, 1935, unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction at Town House in said Town, on the first Monday in February, 1936, at nine o'clock, A. M.

Description of Property Amt. of Tax Due including Interest and Charges

Buildings known as Hobson's Pavilion and tea room at Lynchville, Lot 13 Range 11 Acres $\frac{1}{4}$, Val. of land \$15.00. Lot 14 Range 11 Acres $\frac{1}{4}$, Val. \$5.00. Value of buildings \$735.00. Total value \$755.00.	\$51.48
Land bounded on North by land of Hastings Bros. Est. on East by Greenwood on South by land of Franklin, Somerset Land and Lumber Co. on West by land of S. G. Bean, Lot 7 Range 1 Acres 160, Value \$400.00	28.40
Land bounded on North by land of A. B. Kimball on East and West by land of A. E. Cross on South by main road, Lot 2 Range 2 Acres 15, Value of land \$150. Value of buildings \$100. Total value \$250.00.	18.65
Land bounded on North by land of B. G. McIntire est. and G. R. McIntire on East by land of Franklin, Somerset Land and Lumber Co. on South by land of Isaac Wardwell, est. on West by land of Ella J. Cummings, est. Lot 10 Range 2 Acres 79, Value \$150.	12.15
Henry Lot 12 Range 11 Acres 30, Val. \$75.00. Lot 13 Range 4 Acres 100, Val. \$200. Lot 9 Range 7 Acres 65, Val. \$400. Total value \$675.00.	45.68
Elmer C. Lot 12 Range 8 Acres 23, Value \$200.00.	15.40
W. A. Lot 14 Range 11 Acres 20, Value \$200. Lot 14 Range 11 Acres 16, Value \$195.00. Total value \$395.00.	28.08
Marshall Western part of said lot, Lot 1 Range 11 Acres 60, Value \$150.	12.15
Elmer Land bounded on North by land of Abel Andrews, est. on East by land now or formerly owned Dr. Willard on South by land of Inez Bean est. on West by land of Arthur Andrews. Lot 10 Range 4 Acres 60, Value \$120.00.	10.20
Thomas Land bounded on North by land of A. E. Cross on East by land of C. D. Conner on South by land of John Gill est. on West by land of L. N. Kimball. Lot 4 Range 3 Acres 8, Value \$50.00.	5.65
Robert L. North-west part of said lot, Lot 13, Range 4 Acres 30, Value \$100.00.	8.90
Ed. Virgil Land bounded on North by Government land on East by land of G. H. Sperry on South by land of Harry Brown on West by Stoneham town line, Lot 9 Range 11 Acres 80, Val. \$350.00. Lot 10 Range 11 Acres 90 Val. \$400.00 Total value \$750.00.	51.15
W. W. Est. Land bounded on North and East by land of S. G. Bean on South by land of F. R. Littlefield on West by land of L. J. Andrews. Lot 7 Range 3 Acres 130, Value \$500.00.	13.80
Will Land bounded on North by land of F. R. Littlefield on East by land of Mattie Bird on South by main road on West by land of E. E. Barker. Lot 9 Range 8 Acres 70, Value \$600.00.	41.40
Henry O. Land bounded on North by land of S. L. Grover on East by land of L. E. Mills on South by Government and on West by land of Hastings Bros. est. Lot 2 Range 11 Acres 25, Value \$200. Value of buildings \$200. Total value \$400.	28.40
J. A. Est. Lot 2 Range 10 Acres 80 Value \$300. Lot 1 Range 7 Acres 160 Value \$900. Lot 2 Range 9 Acres 60 Value \$400. Lot 3 Range 9 Acres 160 Value \$550. Lot 14 Range 4 Acres 80 Value \$1100. Lot 2 Range 7 Acres 80 Value \$350. Lot 2 Range 8 Acres 160 Value \$600. Lot 1 Range 6 Acres 100 Value \$800. Total value \$5000.	327.40
Ralph Land bounded on North and East by land of F. L. Edwards on South and West by road. Lot 4 Range 3 Acres 2 Value \$50.00.	5.65
Ruby Land bounded on North, East and West by land of Stearns and Daniels on South by land of H. B. Skeete. Lot 8 Range 5 Acres 14 Value \$200.	15.40

DECEMBER 17, 1935

MILLIAN L. BROWN, Collector of Taxes of the Town of Albany

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF NON-RESIDENT OWNERS

STATE OF MAINE

said taxes on lands situated in the Town of Gilhead, in the following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners of Gilhead, for the year 1935, committed to me for collection for said Town on the eighth day of June, 1935, unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate is sufficient and necessary to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold at public auction at Town House in said Town, on the first Monday in February, 1936, at nine o'clock, A. M.

Description of Property Amt. of Tax Due including Interest and Charges

Conner Est. or Kimball Range 15, No. of acres 7, Valuation \$60.00. Bounded on north by land of C. F. Shaw Est. and Wm. Bingham Est. by land of F. L. Ordway Est. South by Mason town line. West not known.	\$7.58
Valuation of buildings and land on all properties below \$64,655.00. Range 3, 4, 5, Acres 413. Bounded on north by Androscoggin River. East and south by Wild River. West by land of Brown Co., known as D. C. Lary farm so called. Also Island in Androscoggin River 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres. Also lot of land in bog so called. Land bounded on north and east by Androscoggin River. South by the Canadian National Railway and formerly F. B. Coffin, Eva DeCostor Est. and parsonage lot so called. H. L. Watson land of Coffin & Heath. West by public way and Coffin & Heath, being the J. W. Bennett intervals so called. The O. J. Cole place so called. Bounded on north by Androscoggin River. East by public way. South and west by the F. M. Coffin place so called. A part of the F. M. Coffin farm so called. Bounded on north by Androscoggin River. East by the O. J. Cole place and public way and est. of Lillian Moore. South by land formerly Leighton & Cole and Lillian Moore est. and Canadian National Railway. West by Wild River. Land bounded on North by Brown	\$139.14

December 17, 1935

LELAND E. MASON, Collector of Taxes of the Town of Gilhead.

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF NON-RESIDENT OWNERS

STATE OF MAINE

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Mason, in the County of Oxford, for the year 1935.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the Town of Mason aforesaid, for the year 1935, committed to me for collection for said Town on the twenty-second day of June, 1935, remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate is taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction at Town House in said Town, on the first Monday in February, 1936, at nine o'clock, A. M.

Name of Owner	Description of Property	Amt. of Tax Due
Fred Lovejoy	Bounded on the south by County road, on the east by land of Ernest Morrill and Hastings Brothers, on the north by land of Stowell Company, on the west by land of J. A. Twaddle estate and E. C. Mills. Lot 7 range 2, 50 acres; lot 6 range 2, 50 acres; lot 7 range 3, 100 acres; lot 6 range 3, 100 acres; lot 7 range 2, 50 acres; lot 6 range 3, 100 acres; lot 7 range 3, 100 acres.	\$119.40
J. A. Twaddle est.	Lot 8 range 3, 160 acres; lot 5 range 6, 100 acres; lot 2 range 6, 100 acres; lot 3 range 6, 100 acres.	\$119.40

December 17, 1935

VIOLA G. MORRILL, Collector of Taxes of the Town of Mason

WITH THE POETS

To Our Readers—If there is an old song or poem which you cannot find and would like to see in print, write the Citizen. If we are unable to locate it possibly another reader can furnish it for publication.

A "GOOD-MORNING" AND A SMILE

Rev. William Wood

Get up cheerily each morning With a happy thought, and smile; Charge your lips with a "Good-Morning!"

Free from every tinge of guile: You will make the day a glad one For yourself and others, too, Other lives will shine much brighter. Reflecting what had shone through you!

FOR SELF ALONE!

Rev. William Wood

He had a splendid start in life, Well-born and circumstanced, And might have won the hearts of men

As he with years advanced; But he possessed a static soul, A mean and grasping mind, With all he made he never sought To be the helping kind! He might have blessed, but never turned

A hand to help another; He lived for self, and self alone, No man to him was "Brother!" He boasted of his hoarded wealth, But when he came to die, He raved in dread, attendants said, Lest dollars pass him by! And he beheld his naked soul, Impoverished, alone, His shriveled self a pauper gaunt, His heart as hard as stone!

While legally his wealth was great, His mind conceived it FLIED, Himself a "Poor House" habitant, His very soul was dead!

HIS SUBSTITUTE!

Rev. William Wood

They say, "There is no devil now!" Perhaps there ain't! But then There's something like he used to be

In many modern men! "Men do not lie!" Perhaps they don't!

They do "exaggerate!"

Or, on the other hand, short-weigh!

Their scales are up-to-date!

"They do not rob you!" O, No! No!

They lead you to "invest!"

You do! And lose your little all, Including interest!

"They would not wrong you! Not a bit!

But what they do is switch

Your little train to their own track

And leave you in the ditch!

A devil? No! He's gone to stay!

And left you on the ice!

His kin remains and always play

Life's game with loaded dice!

A devil? Horn and hoot no more!

But all on mischief bent

Will find themselves accompanied

By some sleek, stave gent!

It is no devil! Not a bit,

But you! Yourself refined!

WATCH OUT! or something devilish!

Will get you, heart and mind!

Twelve thousand land-owners agreed to cooperate with the soil its future operations, an outlined conservation service. In the year ending June 30, 1926, these demonstration areas include 1,600,000 acres, signed up for five years.

THE

BETHEL

NATIONAL

BANK

BETHEL, MAINE

IN BUSINESS

SINCE 1905

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
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BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher

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Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel
Robert Perry, West Bethel
George Stearns, Hanover
Lee Estes, Locke Mills
Clayton Holden, Gilead

Any letter or article intended for
publication in the Citizen must
bear the signature and address of
the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude, or publish
contributions in part.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1935

BETHEL NEEDS

More and Better Sidewalks—winter
and summer
Night Watchman—All the Year
Rural Fire Protection
Enforced Traffic Rules
Australian Ballot System for Town
Meetings

TAKING STOCK OF AMERICA

One of the favorite theme-songs
today of demagogues and publicity-
minded politicians is that the Amer-
ican system has failed. But C. L.
Bardo, president of the National
Association of Manufacturers, took
stock of what this system has pro-
duced through private initiative and
a free flow of investment capital,
and here is what he found:

That with 7% of the world's pop-
ulation, this country has 22% of
the railroads, 58% of the telephone
and telegraph facilities, 26% of its
developed water power, 76% of the
automobiles, 33% of the radio
broadcasting stations and 44% of
the radio receiving sets.

In the United States are produced
60% of the world's oil; 48% of the
copper; 42% of the pig iron; 47%
of the steel; 58% of the corn; and,
prior to the coming of the AAA,
66% of the cotton.

Our standard of living is so much
higher than in foreign countries
that we consume 1/2 of the world's
coffee; 2/3 of its rubber; 1/2 of its
sugar; 1/2 of its silk; 1-2 of its coal;
and 2-3 of its petroleum.

In 1933, a depression year, there
was spent in the United States
more than three billion dollars for
education, and that was more than
the amount expended for education
by all of the other countries in the
world. The United States is the
only country in the world to put
one out of every five children
through high school, and one out
of every 116 through college.

This country has more than 7
billion dollars invested in public
and private schools and nearly 4
billion dollars invested in colleges
and universities. It has nearly 4
billion dollars invested in churches.

Most workers in America are
capitalist already. In 1930, 14 mil-
lion families owned their own
homes. More than half of all the
farmers owned their own farms. In
1934, including postal savings, there
were more than 38 million savings
accounts in banks throughout the
country with aggregate deposits ex-
ceeding 2 billion dollars. In the
year 1933 there were more than 9
million members of building and
loan associations, with assets ap-
proaching 7 billion dollars.

At the beginning of 1934 there
were over 31,500,000 ordinary life
insurance policies in force for a
face value of over 70 billion dollars,
and there were in addition over
88,250,000 industrial policies call-
ing for payment of almost 18½ bil-
lion dollars.

Such is the picture of our social
order. Such is the triumph of Amer-
ica's philosophy of government—a
Government of the people, by the
people and for the people. This new
principle in public affairs provided
an incentive for American enter-
prise and initiative, released forces
unknown in human history and pro-
vided a standard of living which
the rest of the world in its wildest
dreams had never even pictured.
That standard of living is a fact.
Although it's a miracle, it certainly
isn't a myth.

ECONOMIC HIGHLIGHTS

Happenings That Affect the Dinner
Pails, Dividend Checks and Tax
Bills of Every Individual, National
and International Problems,
Inseparable from Local Welfare

The long anticipated split be-
tween industry and the New Deal
has occurred at last.

For almost three years American
business as a whole has had re-
latively little to say in opposition
to New Deal policies. It has been
a cloot, polite, non-committal. Now it
has definitely broken with the

Roosevelt Administration, and
there seems little chance that re-
lations can be resumed on even a
superficially amicable basis.

Not so long ago the United States
Chamber of Commerce adopted a
number of pointed resolutions op-
posing New Deal theories. At the
recent meeting of the American
Bankers Association, Administra-
tion economics were flayed right
and left by prominent speakers.
And the real split came on Decem-
ber 5, when several hundred of the
nation's principal executives, dele-
gates to the joint 1935 Congress of
American Industry and the National
Association of Manufacturers, ratified
without one dissenting voice, a business creed that is the
direct antithesis of almost every-
thing the Administration stands
for.

These delegates asserted that
"the American system has not
failed." They protested "blind ex-
perimentation and hasty legislation
which undermine the American sys-
tem and ignore America's brilliant
record of accomplishment." They
said "the first need of the country,
in the interests of recovery, pros-
perity and progress, is an assur-
ance of the preservation of the
principles and guarantees under-
lying the American system." They
then adopted a platform for 1936
that, in the light of their last
year's platform, which said little
to vaguely promise "cooperation"
to the Administration, is re-
markably aggressive. Here are some
outstanding planks: 1. The main-
tenance of Constitutional guaran-
tees. 2. Preservation of the freedom
of enterprise. 3. Security through
economic progress. 4. Maintenance
of sound tax and financial policies.

Briefly expressed like this, these
planks do not seem startling. But
the full text in which they were
written, does. In the case of the
first plank, for example, it was
said that governmental officials
and legislators have attempted to
circumvent through technicalities
the true intent of the Constitution.
In the case of the second, it was
said that governmental planning
(a basic New Deal policy) would
make revival of private enterprise
impossible. In the case of the third,
it was charged that security can-
not be achieved by legislative de-
cree. And in the case of the last,
the Administration's fiscal policy
was denounced, by intimation, in

From this speech, it seems certain
that the President will ask re-elec-
tion on his record, will make no
apologies, and will make no major
change in general policy.

All colors used in food manufac-
turing are required by law to be

THE COLLEGE RADICAL



BETHEL AND VICINITY

Troop 165, Boy Scouts of Amer-
ica, wish all their friends who have
helped them in 1935 a very happy
New Year.

A group of Girl Scouts had a
very enjoyable time Monday ev-
ening singing Christmas carols at
several homes in town.

At the annual meeting of the
Ladies' Aid on Thursday of last
week the following officers were
elected for the ensuing year: Pres.,
Miss Minnie Capen; 1st Vice-Pres.,
Mrs. Mabel Greenleaf; 2d Vice-
Pres., Mrs. Lettie Hall; Sec.-Treas.,
Mrs. Millicent Wentzel; Asst. Sec.,
Mrs. Irene Hutchinson.

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be plied to a good stand of
grasses and clover.

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NEWS
of the
WEEK

"By the People"—
Or by Politicians?
By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Continued from Page One—

NEW AIR SLEEPERS

Monica, Cal.—Looking much like a small Pullman inside, the new Douglas plane went through all ease. Its two 930 horse-power engines give the ship a top of 210 miles per hour; 8 "sections" provide 24 passes with comfortable day and travel at high altitudes. Continental & Western Air agreed to purchase the first meeting specifications for have options on 60 more.

NEW CAMPAIGN CRY

Washington, D. C.—Republicans used a hard word at the Adlai as a slogan of the Presidential campaign—

"Verlust." They point to a deficit of \$3,500,000,000 in the national debt of more than 30 in the meantime the President and his advisers are bending an unprecedented growth and power during the past few years.

PORTS FAVORITES

New York City—Associated Press results of a newspaper determine most popular figures of the year. Joe Louis with 184 votes; James J. D., the actual heavyweight, got only 7 votes. Other Golfer Lawson Little, 135; Jesse Owens, 61; Chicago boxer Jay Berwinger, 42; baseballer Mickey Cochrane, 41; Helen Woods Moody, tennis, led the women's division 3 votes.

HOCKEY STICK COVERAGE

Madison, Wis.—The college daily, estimates co-ed uses enough hockeystick application to cover 233 inches. Figures that university co-eds use enough to 23,000 square feet yearly, to paint four good-sized

NEW DOLLAR BILLS

Washington, D. C.—Treasury Department has issued first batch of dollar silver certificates, no changes; bill bears

of great seal of U. S., the

reverse bearing Latin

for "A New Order of the

NEW AMERICAN LINER

Port News, Va.—Contracts signed for the construction of a 23,000 ton liner for United States Lines which will that company to retire the liner Leviathan from service.

new boat is a cabin liner cost \$1,000,000 similar to the suc

Washington and Manhattan, P. W. Chapman, former pres

of the same line comes a pro

to build two 100,000-ton super

costing \$50,000,000 each, to

ased by the Government.

proposal pictures ships

999 identical cabins, bigger

than anything now

offering one-way fares to

for \$50 without food. Cafes

and swanky restaurants

ster meals anywhere from

to \$5.00. Authorization for

ships must come from Con

UNDER WAR IN LIQUOR

Bridgeport, Conn.—This state has

on liquors. Just over the

Westchester, New York, is

the country's richest com

willing, however, to save

case by buying Christmas

in the Nutmeg State. Suppo

Westchester dealers trail

workers with Connecticut

treated them for violating

New York law, "No person shall

to this state any liquors

assigned to a person duly

Sheriff line both sides

the border while the Courts

the legal tangles. Some

dealers are sorry; feel

resentment will bring

in sales.

at Cornell University

able to put into cows

iodine content equal to

sea fish by adding dried sea

to the dairy ration.

Stuff'n'Dates

by Ned Moore

ENGLAND CLAIMS HER "MOTHER GOOSE" IN THE PERSON OF AN OLD WOMAN NAMED MARTHA GOOCH WHO LIVED IN SUSSEX, ENGLAND ABOUT 1704. AS A NURSE, SHE OFTEN CROONED MELODIES AND SOON GAINED THE DERISIVE TITLE OF "MOTHER GOOSE" A LATER PATRON WHOSE CHILD SHE NURSED WAS SO INTERESTED IN HER SONGS THAT HE HAD THEM PRINTED BY JOHN WOODHARD IN 1712 UNDER THE TITLE OF "MELODIES AND RHYMES OF MOTHER GOOSE." BUT THAT, TOO, IS UNSUBSTANTIATED EVIDENCE.



THE EARLIEST KNOWN COLLECTION OF NURSERY RHYMES WAS PUBLISHED ABOUT 1760 BY JOHN NEWBERRY OF LONDON. THESE WERE MADE POPULAR BY THE BOSTON EDITIONS OF MONROE & FRANCIS 1824-1850. SINCE THAT TIME MILLIONS OF COPIES HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN ALL SIZES, SHAPES AND FORMS ENTITLED "MOTHER GOOSE."



THE FRENCH RECORD PROVES THAT IN 1777 CHARLES PERRAULT PUBLISHED A BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES WITH A CAPTION OF "CONTES DE MA MÈRE L'OYE" OR TALES OF MOTHER GOOSE. "MOTHER GOOSE" IS THE FRENCH NAME FOR QUEEN GOOSEFOOT (REINE POUETTE), SAD TO BE THE MOTHER OF CHIRLORINE."

Copyright Western Newspaper Union

12
FROM MINUTE
TO MINUTE

BY
MARTHA B. THOMAS

"ONE minute," said Corinne, "it's today. And the next—it's tomorrow!"

"And one minute," replied Bruce, "it's this year—and the next it's tomorrow-year."

She smiled at him, a little dark thing in flimsy clouds of white. They circled the ballroom once more.

"And one minute," said Bruce with a deep rumble he tried to keep from sounding tender, lest someone overhear, "you're Miss Corinne Mumford, and the next," he whirled her off into a quieter corner, "you're Mrs. Bruce MacQueen!"

"Indeed . . . as quickly as that?" She smiled again but her cool voice trembled.

"Do I gather," her flashes fell on her checks, "that this is in the way of a proposal of marriage?"

"Bright girl! On New Year's eve I demand a new wife . . . a new life . . . and happiness ever afterward."

"How modest," she murmured, "you are."

"Speak . . . I promise me before the bells ring out! Minutes fly . . . into hours, days . . . months and years! Promise me!" Now he held her closer, his breath fanned her hair. "They pile up and pile up . . . and then life goes on . . . and we're old. Minute after minute . . . promise!"

The violin seemed to beseech her; they cried out at her in lovely

shod with wings? The delight of hearing Bruce's voice begging her . . . talking to her, holding her in his gentle grasp? Did she love him? Did he love her?

Around and around—whirl, whirl! Perhaps one did not have to decide. Perhaps, as one minute slid silently into the next . . . one knew!

"I'm going away tomorrow," said Bruce, "to South America. A big chance."

"Oh," she gasped, "you did not tell me!"

"I only heard today."

He was going away . . . when today was tomorrow, he would be gone. A little pain climbed from her heart to her throat. She lifted her chin and looked up.

His glance, sober and dark and shining, plunged into her eyes. She quivered.

He began to sing with the music, but words of his own. "The boat sails on . . . and the wind blows south . . . I'll never come home again."

The music stopped. A hush fell on the huge ball room. The first slow peal of a bell sounded high in the air.

"Tell me . . . speak with the bells . . . on New Year's eve, Corinne!"

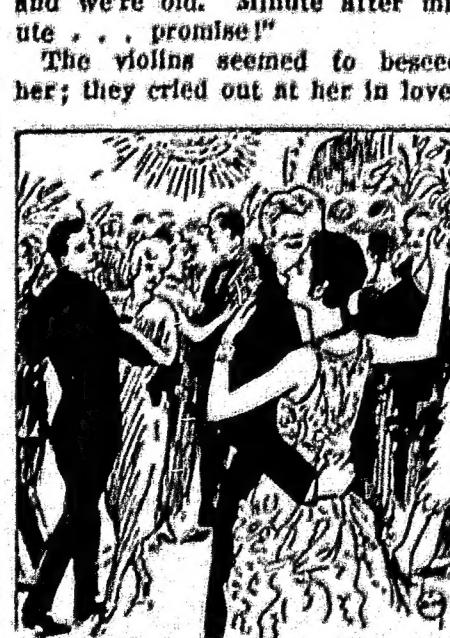
She turned her face away. She knew.

So, joining her small human voice with the clangor overhead, she said—"One minute Corinne Mumford . . . the next, Mrs. Bruce MacQueen."

And midnight passed into the New Year.

© Western Newspaper Union.

WRITE IT 1936



"... and We're Old. Minute After Minute . . . Promise!"

golden voices. One minute is today . . . the next is tomorrow! They danced and danced. One minute Miss Corinne Mumford . . . the next Mrs. Bruce MacQueen.

In her clouds of flimsy white,

whirling in her parlor's arms, she tried to think. Was it the ball . . . the glitter and life

and beauty of a big party? The

joy of dancing as if her feet were

APPLY FOR POTATO SALES ALLOTMENT AT MEETINGS

On Wednesday, December 18, the Oxford County potato committee met in Bethel, to receive further instructions relative to assisting farmers apply for their allotments of potatoes that can be sold tax-free next year. A. D. Nutting, Extension Specialist, who is supervising this work in Western Maine, attended the meeting and explained in detail how the application blanks should be filled out.

A schedule of community meetings has been tentatively made up so all potato growers may receive assistance in applying for their allotments. One member of the county committee and the county agent will be present at each meeting to answer questions and help wherever necessary. In most towns a local man will also be available to help.

No Tax Free Sales Without Allotments

Everyone who wants to sell any potatoes from the 1934 crop should apply for an allotment. There is no exception to this no matter how a grower expects to sell. Sufficient tax exempted stamps will be issued to each grower obtaining an allotment to enable him to sell his quota of potatoes tax free. A tax of forty-five cents per bushel will have to be paid on all potatoes sold for which the grower has not obtained an allotment.

Apply for Allotments at Potato Meeting

It is highly desirable that all farmers who wish to apply for an allotment attend one of the potato meetings. Anyone who does not fill out the application at this time may find it difficult to do so. A meeting will be held in every community or combination of two or three communities with the hope that no one will have to travel any great distance to attend. Farmers who are not able to attend in their own town may find it possible to get to the meeting in some other community. In most places the meeting will start at 10 o'clock in the morning and growers may come at any time during the day to fill out an application blank.

It will save a lot of time if men will come prepared to state the acres harvested, the total production in bushels for the years, 1932, 1933 and 1934.

Notices of the series of meetings will be sent to a mailing list of all farmers in the county. The schedule will also be announced in the papers so everyone should be informed when the meeting is to be held in his and nearby towns.

Maine's poultry industry will be represented at the Northeastern Poultry Producers council exposition in New York City, Feb. 4 to 8.

Although the United States birth rate in 1934 showed a slight increase over 1933, there was no world-wide rise. In Germany, the rate rose 22%, in Italy, it fell less than 1%.

+ A HAPPY +



1936

+ NEW + YEAR +

L. W.

Ramsell

Co.

May 1936
Be Your Best Year

Optimistic!
That's how we feel about the outlook for 1936. We believe there's much happiness and increased prosperity in store for all of us. That's why we can make our greeting so sincere.

CENTRAL SERVICE STATION

No pleasure we may have as the old year ends will be as great as that of wishing all of you a Happy, Prosperous, and Healthful 1936.

ROWE'S
Head-to-Toe Outfitters
Since 1865

In 1936 we shall strive to merit your good will by maintaining our same high standard of quality that has won for us your friendship.

J. P. BUTTS

Happy New Year

E. F. BISBEE
Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

As Long as We Can Say It!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR ALL OF YOU!

L. E. DAVIS

1935 1936
Wishing You a Happy New Year

CROCKETT'S GARAGE

There isn't much room here, but our New Year's greeting is just as great as all the others.

H. L. BEAN
Fur Buyer
and Firearms Dealer

1936
NEW YEAR GREETINGS

Words are but poor things to express our appreciation of your many favors during the year just past. May we show how grateful we are by being of greater service to you during 1936.

Our heartiest good wishes for you in 1936.

ROBERTSON SERVICE STATION

Best Wishes for 1936

We are proud of the confidence you have shown by your continued patronage. And in return we want to pledge ourselves to better service and higher values during the year.

EDW. P. LYON

Here's to Your Success in 1936

Count us in—among those who are here to wish that the coming year will be rich in happiness, good wishes and prosperity for everybody.

J. B. HAM CO.

1936
NEW YEAR Greetings

Our heartiest good wishes for you in 1936.

ALLEN'S SHOE STORE

Hail 1936

A Resolution—That every month of 1936 will make a greater contribution to your good living. We hope you will let us know you often.

CHAMBERLIN'S FRUIT STORE

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrus were guests of Mrs. Hunt at Hunt's Corner. Mrs. Stearns spent the weekend with Mrs. Hugh Stearns and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Robinson Kimball were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kimball's, Sunday. Mr. Gledhill conducted a service at Albany Church this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Allen and Raymond were in Norway on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell from Bethel came to see Mrs. W. G. Fisk this week.

The Christmas Tree at the Methodist Church was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Wardwell and son Allen were in Norway on business.

Fullerton was very sick last night. Dr. Hubbard is here.

Langway has been here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Shedd.

Mr. and Mrs. Morey caught a boat.

OFFICE OF FORECLOSURE

REAS, Maude E. Hubbard, in the County of Oxford, Maine and Clinton P. Hubbard, in the County of Vero Beach, in the City and State of Florida, mortgage deed dated November 26, recorded in the County Registry of Deeds, Page 385, conveyed to Fidelity Trust Company, a corporation of the State of Maine, its principal place of business in Portland in the County and State of Maine, lots or parcels of land described as follows: three following lots or parcels of land, together with buildings thereon, situated on the westerly shore of the lot of Upper Kezar Lake, town of Lovell and county of Oxford, to said Maude E. Hubbard, following deeds: first, by deed dated September 11, 1913 and recorded in the Western District Registry of Deeds in book 103, page 142, second, by deed from F. C. Merrill and William A. and Charles C. Hubbard, dated October 19, 1917 and recorded in the County Registry book 110, page 143, third, by deed from A. C. and Frank Harmon dated April 11, 1915, and recorded in the County Registry in book 105, page 144.

three several lots or parcels contiguous to the three parcels referred to and town of Lovell, together the buildings thereon, to said Clinton Hubbard, by the three following deeds: first, by deed from R. Davis and Frank H. Davis, dated August 29th, 1918, recorded in said Registry book 89, page 148; second, from W. A. and C. A. Merrill, dated November 12th, 1918, recorded in book 89, page 149; third, by said Registry; and the fourth, by deed from Merrill H. Hill dated September 1, 1921, and recorded in said Registry book 103, page 45.

entire parcels above referred to, being about six acres, to REAS, Robert Braun, on April 20, 1933 the duly appointed and acting Conservator of Fidelity Trust Company.

he became and is now the said mortgage in his name.

REAS, the condition of which has been and now is.

THEREFORE, by reason of the condition of the property, Robert Braun, Conservator of Fidelity Trust Company, by mortgage, claims a reversion of the same, at Portland, Maine, April 21, 1935.

Robert Braun, Conservator of Fidelity Trust Company.

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Robert Braun, Conservator of Fidelity Trust Company.

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Robert Braun, Conservator of Fidelity Trust

SOUTH ALBANY

Mrs. Arthur Andrews and Mrs. Hugh Stearns were guests at Hunt's Corner. Stearns spent the week end at Albany.

Mrs. Hugh Stearns were of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond and Mrs. Colby Robinson and Kimball's, Sunday. Gledhill conducted the service at Albany Church morning.

Allen and Raymond were in Norway on business Saturday.

Hubbard from Bethel was to see Mrs. W. G. Fiske one week.

Christmas Tree at the

Wardwell and son Arthur

Norway on business, Fri-

Fullerton was very sick on

night. Dr. Hubbard at

him.

Langway has been hauling

E. K. Shedd.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

REAS, Maude E. Hubbard of the County of Oxford and

Maine and Clinton P. Hub-

er Beach in the County

and State of Florida, by

mortgage deed dated Novem-

ber 22, recorded in the W. D.

County Registry of Deeds in

Page 385, conveyed to the

Trust Company, a corpora-

tion and existing under

the State of Maine and

its principal place of busi-

ness in Portland in the County

and State of Maine, the

lots or parcels of land

described as follows:

three following lots or par-

cel land, together with the

buildings thereon, situated on

the shore of the lower

Upper Kezar Lake in

town of Lovell and con-

sidered Maude E. Hubbard

is following deeds: first,

William A. and Charles A.

by deed dated Septem-

ber 1913 and recorded in

Western District Regis-

Deeds in book 103, page

second by deed from said

Merrill dated Octo-

ber 1917 and recorded in

Registry book 110, page

third by deed from A. R.

and Frank Harmon dated

1915, and recorded in

Registry in book 105, page

three several lots or par-

cel contiguous to the first

parcels referred to and in

town of Lovell, together

the buildings thereon, re-

ferred to said Clinton P.

and by the three following

first by deed from A. R.

and Frank Harmon dated

August 29th, 1901 recorded in said Registry

Page 148; second by

W. A. and C. A. Merr-

recorded November 12th, 1901

in book 89, page

third from said Merrill and

dated September 11th,

and recorded in said Registry

in book 103, page 457.

REAS, Robert Braun, of said

is now and has been since

1933 the duly appointed

and acting Conservator

of Fidelity Trust Company

he became and is now the

of said mortgage in his said

REAS, the condition of said

has been and now is

REAS, by reason of

of the condition thereof,

Robert Braun, Conservator of

Fidelity Trust Company, holder

mortgage, claims a fore-

thereof.

at Portland, Maine, De-

21, 1935.

Robert Braun

Conservator of

Fidelity Trust Company.

35

STATE OF MAINE

Oxford, ss.
TO THE HONORABLE JUSTICES
OF THE SUPERIOR COURT to
be held at Rumford, within and
for said County of Oxford, on the
first Tuesday of March, A. D.
1936.

Respectfully Represents, Claribel
Swift Randolph resident at Wood-
stock in the County of Oxford and
State of Maine that she was law-
fully married to David Henry Ran-
dolph of parts unknown at Boston
in the County of Suffolk and State
of Massachusetts on the tenth day
of October A. D. 1932, by Mr. Frie-
bee, a Justice of the Peace, a per-
son duly authorized to solemnize
marriages therein;

That the Libellant and Libellee
cohabited in this State after their
said marriage;

That the Libellant resided in this
State when the cause of divorce ac-
crued as hereinafter set forth;

That the Libellant has resided in
this State in good faith for one
year prior to the commencement of
these proceedings;

That the Libellee is a resident of
this State;

That the Libellant has ever been
faithful to her marriage obligations
but that the said Libellee has been
unmindful of the same;

That there is no collusion be-
tween your Libellant and the said
Libellee to obtain a divorce;

That being of sufficient ability
and being able to labor and provide
for her, said Libellee grossly, wan-
tonly and cruelly refuses or ne-
glects to provide suitable mainte-
nance for your Libellant;

That since marriage the said Libel-
lee has been addicted to gross
and confirmed habits of intoxica-
tion from the use of intoxicating
liquors, opium or other drugs.

That the said Libellee has been
guilty of cruel and abusive treat-
ment toward your said Libellant as
follows: to the great injury of her
health and happiness.

That no child has been born to
them during their said marriage.

Wherefore, your Libellant prays
that a divorce from the bonds of
matrimony between herself and the
said Libellee may be decreed;

And your Libellant further al-
leges that the residence of said Libel-
lee is unknown to your Libellant and
cannot be ascertained by rea-
sonable diligence.

Dated at Paris this sixteenth day
of December, A. D. 1935.

Claribel Swift Randolph
Libellant.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas Herbert H. Morton and
Daisy B. Morton, both of Newry,
County of Oxford, State of Maine,
husband and wife, by their mort-
gage dated May 29, 1928, and re-
corded in Oxford County Registry
of Deeds, Book 359, Page 487, con-
veyed to Fred Hapgood, of Bethel,
in said County, certain real estate
situated in said Newry and bounded
and described as follows, to-wit:

A certain parcel of land in said
Newry, with the buildings thereon,
bounded northerly by land formerly
of Herbert O. Chapman, now of
Mrs. Pearl Kilgore; easterly by
land formerly of Ralph W. Kilgore;
southerly by land formerly of
Charles C. Bennett; westerly by
Bear River so called.

Also a certain other parcel of
land in said Newry, being the Ed-
mund P. Chapman fifty acre lot,
now or formerly so known, and
being one half of the hundred acre
lot purchased by said Chapman et
al. of R. L. Paine, said Chapman
half being conveyed to Reuben Foster
and being the southeasterly half of Lot
Numbered six, in the seventh range
of lots in said Newry or in that part
of Newry which was formerly Andover West
Surplus; and whereas the condition of
said mortgage has been broken; Now,
therefore, by reason of the
breach of the condition thereof, the
said Fred Hapgood by his Conservator,
Mildred Hapgood Lyon, claims a fore-
closure of said mortgage.

Dated December 4, 1935.

FRED HAPGOOD
by Mildred Hapgood Lyon
his Conservator.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

Whereas Albert W. Hulbert and
Grace M. Hulbert, both of Newry,
County of Oxford, State of Maine,
by their mortgage deed dated No-
vember 24, 1926, and recorded in
Oxford County Registry of Deeds,
Book 352, Page 469, conveyed to

Bethel Savings Bank, a corpora-
tion existing by law and located at
Bethel, in said County and State, a
certain parcel of land with the
buildings thereon, situated partly

in said Newry and partly in Han-
over, in said County, and bounded
as follows: beginning at a point in
said Hanover, at a cherry tree at

the southeast corner of the stable
on said parcel, on the bank of the
upland; thence northerly about

four rods to the road leading from
said Newry, at Newry Corner, so
called, down the Androscoggin River;
thence westerly along said

road and across the line between
said Newry and Hanover, thirteen
and one-half rods to a point; thence
southerly about four rods to the
bank of the upland; thence easterly
along said bank of the upland to the
point of beginning. Being the

same premises named and described
in deed of Carrie F. French to said
Hulberts, dated November 24, 1926, and recorded in said Registry;

and whereas the condition of said
mortgage has been broken: Now,
therefore, by reason of the
breach of the condition thereof, the
said Bethel Savings Bank claims a fore-
closure of said mortgage.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK
by Fred F. Bean
its treasurer duly authorized

Dated November 26, 1935.

39

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

WHEREAS, Frank A. Ridlon of
Fryeburg in the County of Oxford
and State of Maine, by his mortgage
deed dated September 7, 1928, re-
corded in the W. D. Oxford County
Registry of Deeds in Book 115,
Page 364, conveyed to Joseph Pitts
of Harrison in the County of Cum-
berland and State of Maine, a cer-
tain lot or parcel of land situated in
said Fryeburg and bounded and
described as follows:

The Dr. Towle office lot and
building thereon, so called
situated on the easterly side of
Portland Street in the Village of
Fryeburg in said town of Fryeburg,
and bounded westerly by land now
of Eliza G. Fife, easterly by land
of Edward E. Hastings, Saving,
southerly by land formerly of
Frank Curtis of North Berwick
spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs.
Clyde Morgan.

Miss Fay Morgan of West Paris
is spending the Christmas holidays
with her father, Robert Morgan.

The pupils of the school enjoyed
a Christmas tree on Friday evening.

Mrs. John Ring and family were
in Lewiston on Thursday.

GREENWOOD CITY

Mrs. George Cole recently visited
her daughter at East Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Whitman have
moved to South Waterford for the
winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Morgan were
callers at L. B. Emmons', Locke-
Mills, Sunday.

Frank Curtis of North Berwick
spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs.
Clyde Morgan.

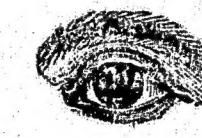
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with her father, Robert Morgan.

The pupils of the school enjoyed
a Christmas tree on Friday evening.

Mrs. John Ring and family were
in Lewiston on Thursday.

BUSINESS CARDS

Watch This Space for Dates.



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by

E. L. GREENLEAF

OPTOMETRIST

over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, JAN. 4

DR. RALPH OTIS HOOD

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE AT BARGAIN—Sectinal Bookcase in A1 condition. Three sections. CHARLES E. MERRILL, Bethel. 39p

FOR SALE—Children's Crib and mattress, drop leaf table, Clarion heater stove, desk, couch bed and mattress, pillows. MRS. MARGARET SPINNEY, Mechanic St. 36p

FOR SALE—WOOL BATS. MRS. FRED MUNDT, Bethel, Maine. Tel. 28-111. 38p

NOTICE—For Trades In Good Meat call at Sanborn Farm, next to Steam Mill. Any amount sold at reasonable prices. Fridays and Saturdays. FRANK SPRAGUE Dealer in Livestock, Bethel. 32pt

WOOD FOR SALE—Seasoned under cover. Four foot, 16 inch or 32 inch lengths. FRED L. CLARK Bethel. 20ft. 36p

MISCELLANEOUS

FOUR ROOM RENT TO LET. Inquire EUGENE VAN. 38

List Your Real Estate for the Spring trade with us at once as we have customers for homes in view. BETHEL AUCTION CO., 28 Main St. 36p

Firearms, Ammunition, and Trap-pers' Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine. Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 2ft

ETTA WILBUR GULLIVER

Mrs. Etta Gulliver died suddenly Tuesday night, Dec. 17, at the home of Dr. Fred Earle of Week's Mills. Mrs. Gulliver was born in Albany, in the house now owned by Sumner Bean, on December 25, 1864, the daughter of Benjamin and Minnie Lawrence Wilbur, and was the last of her family. She had been employed in the home of Dr. Earle for 23 years and was about her household duties the day she passed away.

Surviving relatives in this section are Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth Wilbur of Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Bell of South Paris, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bell of Norway.

Services were held at Greenleaf's Funeral Home, Friday, Rev. P. J. Clifford officiating. Interment was at Albany.

Albany—Watertown

Deferred

The North Watertown Primary School had five pupils with perfect attendance for the Fall term of fourteen weeks. They were: Rodney Cummings, Manley Kimball, Benjamin Button, Marilyn Durgin, Ava McKeen.

Those receiving 100% in spelling for the week of December 13 were: Fourth grade—Ava McKeen, Marcella Brackett, Berkley Henley, Marilyn Durgin; Third grade—Manley Kimball, Lawrence McAllister, Bernice Cash, Basil Henley. Second grade—Robert Paine, Rodney Cummings, Benjamin Button, Henry Kittredge.

School closed December 13 for a vacation of three weeks.

Pulp wood is being hauled from Chadbourn's lot near chalk pond in Albany.

Calvert Fullerton has been quite ill for the last few days.

In spite of cold weather and recent storms the road work between North Watertown and the Flat is progressing quite rapidly. The surfacing is being hauled from Chester Holt's gravel pit near the river. Spaulding Abbott, foreman of the work, and wife have a snug little cottage situated near the road.

E. Scribner and family moved to Norway for the winter.

Henry J. Holmes and family have moved to Norway where he has employment at the Chevrolet sales ter-

minus.

Ernest Wentworth is working for Fred Littlefield.

Gladys Swan and son Lloyd are moving from Albany this week.

NORTH NEWBURY

Schools in town closed last week for ten days Christmas vacation with a Christmas tree and entertainment at the Church Thursday evening by the "Head of Tide" and Branch schools. The Powers District had their tree and entertainment at the schoolhouse Friday evening. Santa Claus arrived at the church in time to assist in removing the presents from the tree which added to the merriment of the little folks.

Supt. Pomeroy and Rev. Wayne Ricker went to their respective homes for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Hanscom had their family all with them Sunday for dinner, and a Christmas tree in the afternoon.

The family Christmas tree at Fred Wight's was Tuesday night.

L. E. Wight and family, Arnold Eames and family, Mrs. Abbie Littlehale, and M. A. Paine shared in the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vail and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Rinki went to Auburn Wednesday where they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Richardson over the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis spent Christmas Day in Denmark.

Daniel Wight is at home from Massachusetts for Christmas. He will return to school New Year's Day.

WEST PARIS

Alton L. Day

Alton L. Day passed away Friday morning from a lingering illness of two or three years, death resulting from a paralytic shock which he suffered Nov. 16.

He was born on Curtis Hill, Woodstock, on the farm where he has always lived, the son of Daniel and Martha Powers Day, Aug. 26, 1870. He married Ella F. Swan of Greenwood, who survives him, with their three daughters, Mrs. Lillian Doughty, Mrs. Lula Newell, Miss Lettie Day; also a nephew, Guy Emery of Bryant Pond; a brother, Alden Day of Oxford; and nephews and nieces. He was a member of Franklin Grange, Bryant Pond.

The funeral was held from the Universalist Church Sunday afternoon, Rev. E. B. Forbes officiating. Franklin Grange attended in a body. Interment was in the Wayside Cemetery, West Paris.

The Union Christmas Concert at the Universalist Church was very largely attended, the church filled to its capacity. A very excellent program was given.

Tuesday evening there was a very large attendance at the Universalist Sunday School supper, Christmas tree and entertainment.

Ellen L. Stearns is at home from Arlington, Mass.

SONGO POND

Sunday callers at Leonard Kimball's were Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cross of Bethel, Albert Kimball and family and Floyd Kimball and family.

Leslie Kimball has bought another horse to pair with his gray one.

A. B. Kimball was in Augusta on business, recently.

Stanley Lapham is still on the gain.

Those who attended the movies at Bethel Friday night from here were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lapham, Mrs. Mac Cash, Hollis Grindle and Don Childs.

Arthur Kimball took a crowd of school children to Hunt's corner for the supper, program and Xmas tree, Saturday night.

The Songo Pond school had their program and Xmas tree Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Abnor Kimball and daughter Ivy expect to have Christmas dinner with Mr. Kimball's son Floyd Kimball and family of West Bethel.

Abner Kimball butchered a large hog recently.

Born

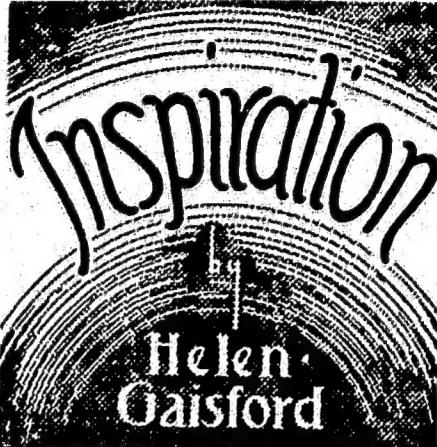
In Bethel, Dec. 21, to the wife of Verne S. Corkum, a son, Verne Stanley, Jr.

In Mason, Dec. 23, to the wife of Herman Merrill of Bethel, a daughter.

Died

In Week's Mills, Dec. 17, Mrs. Etta Wilbur Gulliver, aged 71 years.

In Woodstock, Dec. 20, Alton L. Day, aged 65 years.



MRS. McCREERY swept the snow from the steps of her boarding house with vigorous strokes, all the time keeping up a stream of grumbled protests about everything in general.

"A fine start for a New Year. Work, work, work, same as last! Hang that confetti, how it sticks! What is there to life, anyway? Work all day, and half the night, and for what? What difference does it make that I'm alive? Nobody cares. What do I do that's worth while? Nothing! Might just as well be dead."

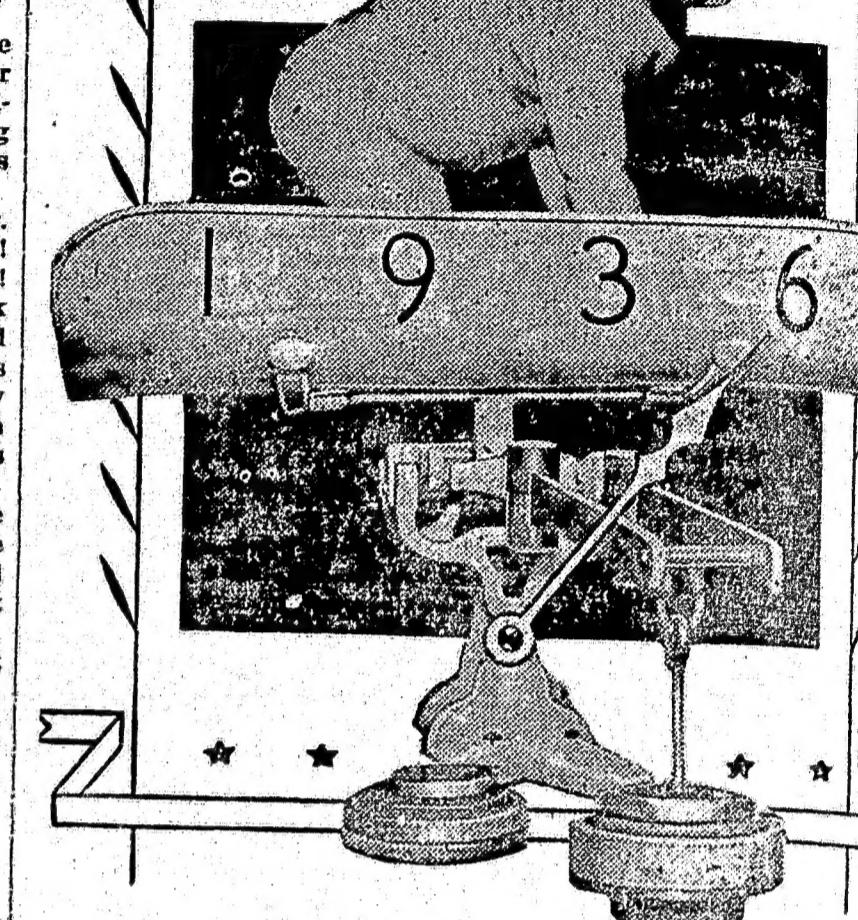
She had come to the end of the walk, and now she knocked the snow off her broom and turned back. "And I thought once that some day I'd be a great lady."

All morning Mrs. McCreery spent in a maze of abuse and self-pity, but when lunch time came she be-thought herself of Dora Pike, third floor back. "Poor chick," she thought, "no work yet. I'd better fix her up a bite to eat." She set a tray and covered it with a clean napkin.

"Shame on me," she went on, as she climbed the stairs, "grumbling at my work, when that poor girl would give her arm for a job. Guess she isn't everything she would like to be either, but she doesn't go around hawking like a calf. She's

in a document sent

WEIGHING IN...



CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Minister

Sunday, December 29th

9:30 a. m. Sunday School.

11:00 a. m. Morning worship.

Sermon subject, "Going and Coming." The Junior Guild will again

supplement the musical service.

A Sunday by Sunday record of our total attendance at the morning service has been faithfully kept by our Church ushers for the Commission on Church Attendance of the Congregational General Council. Sunday will add the last figures for the year 1935. How many of us would like to give our total a real boost next Sunday and close the old year in an earnest and worthy way.

A happy and prosperous New Year to us all!

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. P. J. Clifford, Minister

9:45 Sunday School.

11:00 Morning Worship.

6:30 Epworth League.

7:30 Evening Service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Services Sunday morning at 10:45.

"Christian Science" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, Dec. 29.

The Golden Text is: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee" (Isaiah 60:1).

Among the citations from the Bible is the following: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matthew 5:16).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following passage from the Christian Science textbook: "Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy:

"Well, dearie," said Mrs. McCreery, as she gathered the girl in her arms, "maybe that's what we're here for, darlin'."

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Now is a good time to take a farm inventory.

NOW

is the time to have an

AUTOMOBILE RADIO

INSTALLED

Popular Prices

CROCKETT'S GARAGE

Phone 101 Bethel, Me.

Admission

Children, 20c Adults

Show Starts at 8:10

FRI.-SAT., DEC. 27-28

GET EXCITED! HERE THEY COME! in a gay, glad, glorious romance with five great hit songs...LISTEN!... "Top Hat, White Tie and Tails," "The Piccolino," "No Strings," "Isn't This a Love Day?" "Check to Check." Scenes of lavish beauty...and lots of girls enough to send you home a nervous wreck!

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS

TOP HAT

Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN

THE BETHEL N

Volume XLI N

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Statesmen

30 Lands

By WILLIAM C. UT

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BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE BETHEL NEWS, 1885

Magazine Section

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

Volume XLI Number 38

BETHEL, ME., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1935

4c a Copy—\$2.00 a Year

Whole Nations Go Mad—Then Go to War

Psychiatrists Warn Statesmen of 30 Lands

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

Whole nations go mad, and in their madness they go to war. They are moved to terrible deeds with terrible consequences by powerful forces of suggestive propaganda at the hands of leaders who themselves mentally out of balance. Only mental hygiene, universal and ceaseless in application, can mankind from the horror of degradation of war and, as military science advances, utter extinction.

This is the ominous warning in a document sent to the men of the world by the committee on war prophylaxis of the World Medical Association, signed by 339 prominent psychiatrists of 30 nations. It was a reiteration, scientifically accepted, of the old maxim that "The mind is mightier than the sword, suggestion is more powerful than logic in its influence on man's instincts inherited from the caverns of the past."

The danger which confronts the world was named by Professor James, noted psychiatrist, in a medical meeting in London. There are at the present time individuals holding prominent positions and influencing the destinies of whole countries who are known to be mentally unstable or who have only had attacks of mental disease.

People are excited by the fire emotion of unbalanced, but powerful personalities, and by the inspired speeches of public men until they themselves are enthralled and carried away. Then, only then, are they capable of acts which, if they were in a normal state, would shock and fill them with loathing. In this advanced age of civilization man still possesses, where in him that dangerous instinct to destroy and kill. When they believe their community is in danger of being attacked or is being threatened by another community, instincts break loose. In a time of war, such instincts are upon as heroic and are rewarded. Speeches urging that is real necessity for military preparedness, cries of "Save the world for democracy!" "Down with the enemy and similar catch lines, can such nations emotionally outwit. They can make a man wouldn't hurt a fly, ordinarily, ready to run a bayonet through the man with the greatest satisfaction and with the knowledge he is actually to be condemned such an act.

Force is Enormous. The suggestive force of speeches by statesmen is enormous, may be dangerous," is psychiatric conclusion. "The warlike instinct is easily aroused by the cry the country is in danger, is to be bridled, as was evident in

"We inherit the warlike type... Our ancestors have bred pugnacity into our bone and marrow, and thousands of years of peace won't breed it out of us. The public imagination fairly fattens on the

can hope to do. Recall "54-40 or fight?" "They shall not pass!"

Even the sand-lot baseball game provides a parallel. A pitcher who has buried a beautiful ball game allows a man or two to get to base and, although the spectators know he probably has control of the situation, a solitary heckler unstable in his logic and poor in his judgment, starts crying, "Take him out! Take him out!" Soon the cry roars forth with the mighty volume of the entire crowd—who really know better—and the pitcher actually does get "rattled" and "blows up."

Great leaders are often suffering

thought of war. Let public opinion once reach a certain lightning pitch and no ruler can withstand it."

You can test yourself on your inherited love for fighting. Get a pencil right now and write the names of the ten men you consider outstanding in the world's history. Now look them over. How many of them are—or were—fighters?

The inborn instinct for war is not impossible of control, however, says science. Dr. John M. Fletcher, professor of psychology at Tulane University, was given some light on this subject in the answers to a question he put to members of the

the warlike spirit, not to stir it up by propaganda. And how a clever propagandist can stir it up, say the psychiatrists. Why cannot it be used to destroy war?

"Publicity is replacing powder in settling international difficulties," said Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University and former secretary of the Interior. "And publicity means attacks through and upon the mind."

"More Fatal Than Bullets."

"War is an old, well-established and emotional state, often artificially created, which will carry individuals and groups of people

propaganda their business are real artists. But they have their art which if they are known by their victims, would make propaganda much more easily recognizable.

The rules may be summed up in this manner:

(a) Avoid logical argument, and appeal to emotion alone.

(b) Always fit the situation into a pattern of "we" versus "the enemy."

(c) Reach entire groups as well as individual persons.

(d) Keep hidden the source of the propaganda.

The "fighting spirit" in itself is not something to be deplored. It is only potentially bad. Actually it is an American tradition and the spur to progress and activity. But like criticism, it can be destructive or constructive. The great opportunity awaiting science—and government—is that of putting such a vital force to admirable use.

Values Military Training.

Professor James believes that martial training has its virtue, and does not necessarily have to have war as its objective. He would like to end wars, but believes something can be saved out of them.

His plans along this line cannot help calling to mind the Civilian Conservation Corps. For he would like to see young men drilled to develop their strength, their courage, their manhood. No digging of trenches to train them in the art of killing their fellow men. Rather let them dig ditches. The sweat and the muscle is there, and the discipline can be, but the violence, the degradation are missing. This force, says Professor James, would be applied to man's battle against nature, not against his neighbor.

He sums up his own idea:

"Instead of military conscription let us have a conscription of the whole youthful populations to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against nature."

To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and coke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childlessness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas.

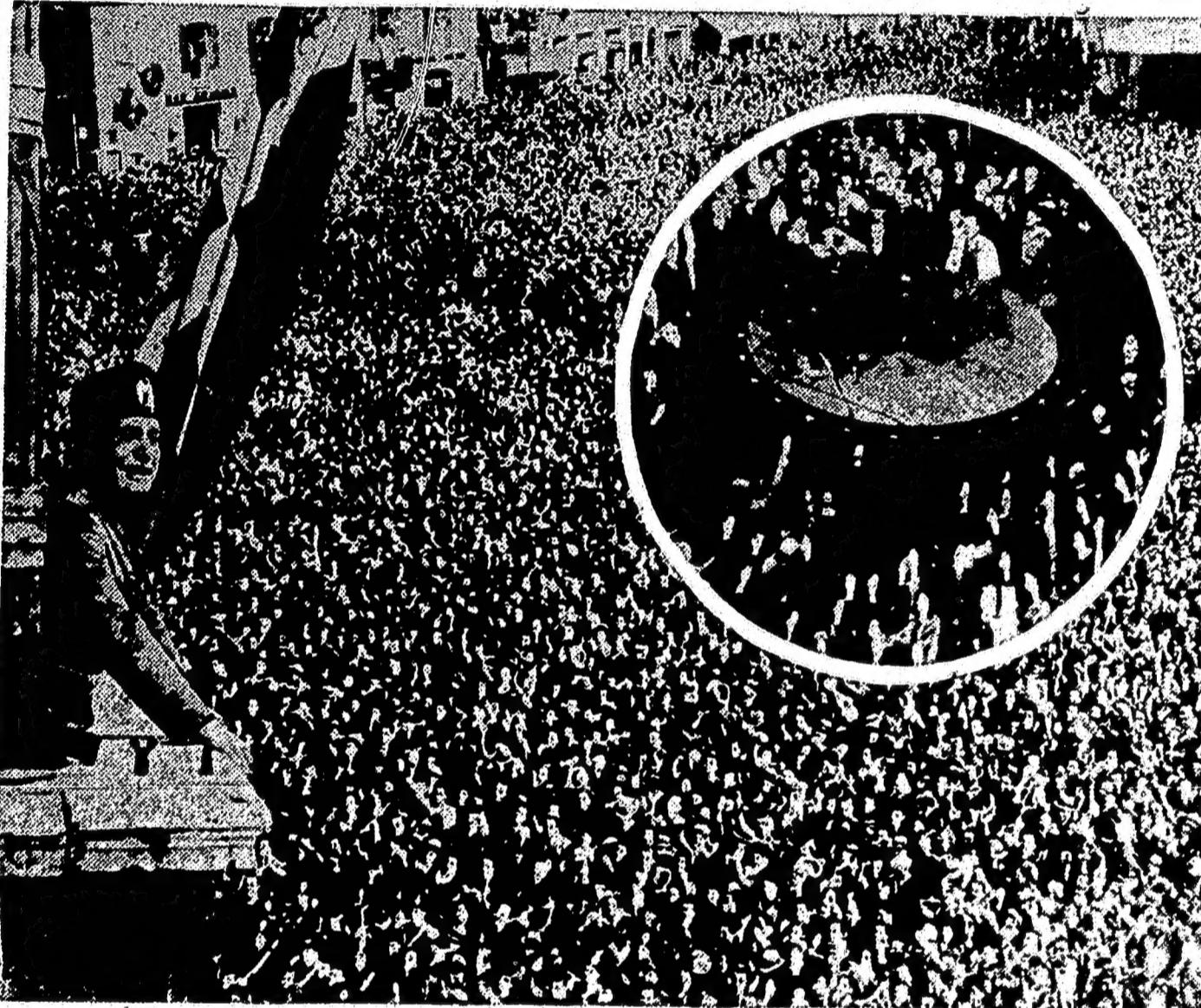
The martial type of character can be without war. Strenuous honor and disinterestedness abound elsewhere. Priests and medical men are in a fashion educated to it.

"Let our young men go to war against flood, earthquake, famine, wind, pestilence and ignorance. Let them go into a scientific war."

How long it will be before government can be persuaded to take up the cause of mental hygiene as the only sure way of saving mankind from war is a question to which hardly anyone would be willing to guess the answer. Certainly not very soon, with conditions what they are in Europe and the Far East.

Individual effort can help. If only everybody would STOP TO THINK. That is the psychiatrist's answer. Then mentally unbalanced leaders would lose their sting.

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Mussolini (left) and Hitler, addressing vast throngs, give evidence that great masses of people are carried away mentally and emotionally by public speeches.

from suppressed fears or hates or unconscious desires for power. This was the question:

"Do you as a psychologist hold that there are present in human nature ineradicable, instinctive factors that make war between nations inevitable?"

Of the 528 members of the association 378 answered. Three hundred and forty-six responded with an unqualified NO. Only 10 said YES. There were 22 indefinite answers.

Co-operation Called Solution.

"Primitive man fought over roots and berries; we over markets," said Dr. S. M. Ritter, whose teachings in psychology are known in America and China. "Co-operation, founded on equally innate sympathy and gregariousness, seems a possible solution—when leaders are sane."

"Positively not," said Dr. A. S. Ott. "Any one who thinks so is densely ignorant of political affairs. Wars are artificial, commercial, strategic, political, trumped-up and forced upon us."

And Dr. Adolf Meyer, Johns Hopkins University psychiatrist, said:

"The abolition of duels in Anglo-Saxon society is a striking and suggestive fact worth remembering."

The only solution of the problem of how to end war is to restrain

through degradation and misery almost without limit, and yet in war we have found that propaganda is more fatal than bullets.

"Propaganda, organized, played a large part in the last great war, and organized propaganda is now on its way in case there should be another great war."

"World control must come, not through the mass of soldiering of men, but through the minds of men, so that mental hygiene, sound thinking, the control of the emotions, becomes the outstanding problem of the world today."

Often it is important to the cause of the propagandist that the source of information in an account be played down or even omitted entirely. Doctor Wilbur warns that when you feel yourself becoming excited by a statement or a news story or a magazine article, you should check it for the source of its information. If you have trouble finding it or cannot find it at all, there is ground for suspicion; you should take time to think it over and weigh its arguments carefully. Above all, don't hurry about taking its suggestions.

In reading accounts of this kind

it is well to keep in mind that propaganda has been developed as an art, and the men who make

2 and out

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By Robert Ames Bennet

Copyright by Robert Ames Bennet

WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lillith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing rock as nearly "worthless." Lillith Ramill, product of the jazz age, easily shows her contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery, Garth secretly removes a part from the plane's motor. Huxby and Lillith taunt Garth with his "gullibility," but their tone changes when they try to start the crippled plane. Turning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part, but manage to set the monoplane adrift. The current carries it over the falls. He points out to the engaged trio that he is their only hope of guiding them out of the wilderness. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill says his daughter must be hardened to the hardships ahead in their tolling trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie. Returning from a long trek in the woods, Garth finds the party has stolen the tea and sugar he has been saving for emergencies. He makes no objection, simply pointing out that he is accustomed to a strict meat diet, and that they are eating only themselves. The work of getting ready for the trip continues. Huxby refuses to help, and sticks to the mining claim. The long journey begins. They reach the camp, where a halt is called.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—9—

The girl showed the whisky flask he had left in her father's bag. It was full of fly dope—spruce mixed with caribou tallow. She put the flask into her foxskin bag, along with the pouches of tea and sugar. Ramill was already walking. Garth had made a tump-line for his pack. As he fitted the band across his forehead and stood up, he in hand, he glanced over his shoulder at the girl.

Lillith turned and met his glance. Her lips curled in their old scornful smile. "What are you waiting for? Aren't we ever to get out of this beastly valley?"

He started off without any reply but with a glow of exultance in his outward show of indifference. Lillith Ramill thought she was about to escape from the Wild. She had promised to guide them to the Mackenzie. The probabilities were now in favor of even her father making it. The girl would go back to what she called civilization—to luxury and self-indulgence, to jazz and nightclubs—the rapid pursuit of sensation.

Let a part of her world linger in this lost valley of the isolated subarctic Rockies. She had eaten of wild meat; she had smelled the tang of smoke from man's first friend, the camp fire. She had come face to face with the infinite—and had lived it.

Fortunately, she had already been hard. Now she was fit. Under a smear of mosquito dope, she had smoothed from her face. As Garth overtook the girl's father, he eyed him with a smaller yet less genuine satisfaction. For every pound gained by the daughter, the father had been rid of three more.

Garth himself swung briskly ahead. So far, nothing had been said to Huxby about the cache caves in the ice tunnel of the glacier. He knew only that the caribou carcasses had been put on ice, the one thing of which Garth was most certain regarding the engineer was that he would never

give over trying to get the platinum placer until every possible scheme had been balked. Mr. Ramill might quit. He already possessed a fortune.

But Huxby was still a relatively poor man, and he had now made certain that the placer was worth at least a million dollars. Behind his polished front, he was no less unscrupulous than his millionaire partner, and he was absolutely coldblooded.

Lillith made the last climb to Garth without effort. But Huxby plodded up almost as winded as Mr. Ramill. He lowered from his shoulders the small but heavy load in his wolfskin knapsack. The chunks of frozen caribou meat beside the bulky blanket-wrapped bundle on Garth's packboard drew his displeased attention.

"You can't expect me to carry any of that venison. I'm no pack jack of the woods. Forty pounds is quite enough to suit me."

Garth hefted the wolfskin sack.

"My guess is forty-five. Figuring roughly, that makes forty-one troy pounds, or four, ninety-two troy ounces. Call it five hundred even. Platinum is around sixty dollars an ounce troy. The values of the alloy will average at least thirty. That gives us a total of say, fifteen thousand dollars. Not so bad for a few days' panning."

Huxby's face showed that this was no news to him. For all his cool self-control, his fingers clutched tight hold of the wolfskin as he drew it out of Garth's careless grasp.

Though Garth smiled at the engineer's betrayal of cupidity, he took note of it as an additional warning.

Garth's sideward glance caught an amused twinkle in Mr. Ramill's shrewd eyes. The hard training had put the millionaire in better health than he probably had enjoyed for many years. Also, his mind was bigger and better poised than that of his prospective son-in-law. He could smile with Garth over Huxby's obsession—smile and put aside all thought of the placer until in a position to take it from its discoverer.

Lillith saw the situation from a still different angle. She opened the wolfskin sack to peer inside. At sight of the nodules, she dropped the flap, with a look of disgust.

"Worth only fifteen thousand dollars," she bantered her fiance.

"You've dug dirt all this time for a trifle like that, and lugged it all the way up here. Don't tell me you're so dumb that you plan to pack it for the weeks Alan says we'll need to get back to the Mackenzie!"

"With my blanket and the meat that's in it, I'm starting off with something like two hundred pounds," Garth said. "Game was scarce on the other side of the pass when I went out the other time. The weight of our metal in meat may be worth more than the fifteen thousand dollars. Let Huxby choose which he prefers to pack."

The engineer compromised by shoving one of the twenty-pound chunks of caribou meat in the sack, on top of the metal.

Garth backed up to his boulder-perched pack, slipped the tump-line over his forehead, and started up the great cleft as if his 200-pound pack weighed no more than Huxby's 65 pounds of meat and metal.

He halted only when the other men were compelled to stop for breath. Huxby, though carrying a load only a third the weight of Garth's, had soon begun to strain and puff as hard as Mr. Ramill.

In places the pitch of the glacier became too steep for ordinary climbing. Garth had to draw his belt-ax and chop foot holds. The last of these steep rises was far up towards the head of the pass.

The remaining distance to the summit was not so steep, and there

were no dangerous crevasses. Garth made the climb at a swinging pace. He was halfway down before he met Huxby plodding again upwards with Mr. Ramill. The engineer looked at him with cold-eyed ran-

cor. "Uh—ladies first, my dear."

Lillith started to thrust out her hand. Something seemed to catch it. She glanced at Garth and stood up.

"You need it more than I do, Dad. Good night, everybody. I'm dog tired."

Her father and Huxby looked at each other in astonishment. Garth was less surprised. He smiled to himself as he put more moss and fat on the fire and coaled up beside the fallen bundle.

"I tried to find out if you were lying about the weight. I couldn't even lift one end. But you see how the top of the stone slopes. The beastly thing slid off."

"That's all right, Miss Ramill. Easy enough to up-end it again."

"Easy!" Her blue eyes glowed with an odd light. "You carried Dad back to camp that day. But it was down-hill. Now—to pack this frightful load all the way up here! Alan Garth, you're a man!"

"Well, it's a bit of a stiff pull-up," he admitted. "But we'll soon make the down-slope. I left the knife on the knapsack. Go up and slice that caribou meat."

The girl whom her own father could not command met the order with a cheerful nod.

The pass was barren even of caribou moss. The meat had to be eaten cold or uncooked, or not at

all. Six hours had passed since the party left the camp in the valley bottom. After the long, hard climb, even the girl was hungry enough to have eaten rawhide.

Less than half of the 20-pound chunk of caribou remained by the time even Mr. Ramill found he could eat no more.

All were so refreshed by the food and rest that no one objected when Garth gave the word to start on. There would be no more slogging up-hill, with lungs bellowing for air. One would only have to hold back.

But that was the rub—the holding back. The south side of the pass was far steeper than the north, and there was no glacier to offer stretches of smooth foot-

ing. Garth himself was ready to quit when, in the twilight, they came down to where the steep pitch ended off on a small patch of tundra. He opened his pack and spread the blanket on the dry gravel in a hole under a pile of boulders.

At sight of the fat with the frozen caribou and smoked moose meat in the pack, Lillith at once gathered dry moss. This time the

raw caribou flesh was seared over a fat-fed fire of the moss before being eaten. After the meal, Garth opened the gold-mounted cigar case and handed one of the Havanas to its owner.

"So yours—and be rid of you, too!" "So, that's it. Well, you're a good hater, but you're a real sport. You're game. Tag along, if you wish."

At the edge of the swamp he stopped beside a game trail. Lillith came up beside him breathing deeply from the long and rapid walk. He pointed to the big water-filled hoof prints in the mud.

"We may be in luck. Moose passed here yesterday—the water is clear in the tracks. They may not have gone too far. Stay here, or be quiet."

An uprooted leaf showed that the wind was in his favor. He started along the trail. The tracks were still a day old when they turned out into the muskeg toward a lily pool.

Garth skirted out along the border of the swamp to where a bend of the stream twisted in close to dry ground. Here was the grove of birch of which he had spoken. He pointed to the fringe of willows beyond the birch.

Those bitten twigs—still white. They've been eaten off less than an hour ago. Stay here."

After another test of the wind, he went ahead alone, silent as a lynx. Luck was with him. As he rounded the bend he saw the immense antlers of an old bull moose rise above the willows on the bank. Before the startled beast could plunge into the water Garth dropped him with a bullet through the brain.

At the crash of the shot, three moose cows with calves broke cover beyond the bull. The distance was

considerable and brush obscured Garth's aim. He had to shoot four times to bring down one cow and her calf. But that was enough.

His shout brought Lillith on the run. She looked delightedly at the bull. "Oh, no chance now of starving!"

"That's not all," he said. "I can build a hide canoe in two days; a better one than can be made from those small birches."

When, a day later, Mr. Ramill came limping after Huxby to the smoke-marked camp, Lillith was still hanging moose meat on alder poles over the smudge-fire.

Huxby dropped his full-stuffed knapsack and wiped his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand.

"Pah! To think I've lugged all that old meat, and he's killed again. Why didn't he come back and tell me?"

The girl gave him an odd glance. "We've been too busy, old dear. Where's the blanket?"

"I couldn't pack everything. If I'd known, I could have left this confounded smoked moose and brought the blanket instead."

"Why not have left your load of meat? Didn't you consider that Dad and I will get far more than fifteen thousand dollars' worth of comfort out of that blanket?"

Huxby's lips tightened. "Sorry, darling. The thought of a common dirty blanket as against all the platinum—I did not even think of it. Now of course I realize. But it's too late."

"Yes," she agreed, "it's too late. Dad, you were real sport not to wait for Alan to come back and carry you."

Huxby rose, frowning. He looked at Garth with cold rancor. "I see no need for anyone to go. I certainly cannot permit my fiancee to accompany you."

"She might have helped. You'd be only a hindrance," Garth replied.

He swung away at a rapid pace. But behind him he heard the girl speak sharply: "Don't be silly, Vivian. Get out of my way."

After that came a quick patter of moccasins. Garth kept on for some distance as if he did not hear the sound. Then he halted behind an alder thicket to face the girl. She was so close behind that she almost ran into him. He smiled into her eager eyes.

"This is a happy surprise, Lillith."

Her eyelids sank, and her cheeks crimsoned under their coat of pitch-and-grease mosquito dope. "You needn't fancy I'm running after you. It's—it's only because I want to get out of this beastly North country."

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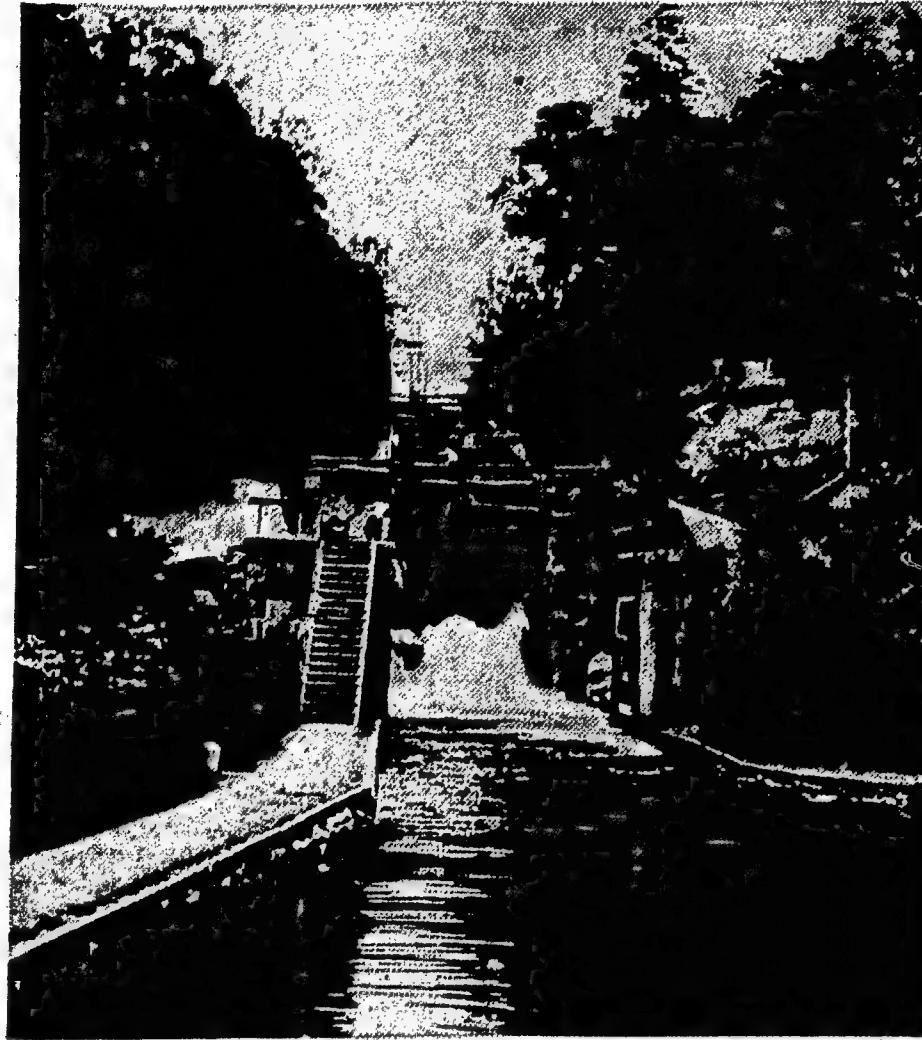
Her eyelids sank, and her cheeks crimsoned under their coat of pitch-and-grease mosquito dope. "You needn't fancy I'm running after you. It's—it's only because I want to get out of this beastly North country."

"That was pretty hard even from you, Lillith. Try to keep in mind how matters will stand as soon as we get out of this damnable mess."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PAGE OF READING FOR THE FAMILY

Life in Sweden



A Lock in the Gota Canal.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU service.

THIS is Sweden," says the peasant of Dalecarlia, as he looks out upon the rolling pastures and birch-clad hills of the province dear to him all life. "Our ways are changing, of course. The good old days are no more. But you may still find a handful of us Dalecarlians who go on living as our fathers lived, tilling the same soil, hewing timber in the forests for our houses, spinning wool and flax for our clothes, hammering out copper and iron from our mines for utensils and tools."

With quiet dignity he towers in the doorway of his home, into which his gracious "Valkommen" bids strangers enter. The wind plays with the wide brim that gives his black hat a quaintly solemn Puritan air. But against the weathered gray of log walls he is a vivid figure in his long, single-breasted blue coat, his yellow buckskin breeches, red-wool stockings tasseled at the knee, low hand-made shoes adorned with gleaming steel buckles.

Overhead, slender blades of grass of apple-green lightness shoot up from the sod of his thatched roof. Behind, framing the scene, stand silver trunks of stately birches, the graceful "white ladies" of the forests of central Sweden.

"We are a proud and independent people," he continues. "Sweden, as you know, has never submitted to alien rule. Only once, for a brief century and a quarter, Sweden joined Denmark and Norway in experimenting with a joint sovereignty. But we do not like the iron hand of our Danish kinsmen."

In the Stockholm "Blood Bath" of 1520, King Christian II of Denmark beheaded more than 80 Swedish nobles, therewith sealing his own destiny. It was that act of tyranny which led young Gustavus Vasa, later king for 37 years, to rouse the strong men of Dalecarlia to the country's defense. So one of the most illustrious chapters of Swedish history has been written here."

The blue eyes glow with the fervor of conviction. There is a chafing ring in the air, soft-spoken words. "Know Dalecarlia and you will know the very heart of Sweden."

But the landowner of Skone goes a step further. Within view of crumbling fortress or surviving splendor of medieval chateau, where lazy swans swim forgetfully in the

encircling moat, he halts in the shade of the wide-spreading beeches that line his fields of sugar beets or grain.

Tracers of Ancient Civilization. "The ice sheet slipped off this southern tip of the Scandinavian peninsula ten or fifteen thousand years ago," he begins. "Our scientists find traces of a civilization not unlike our own running back through seventy centuries and more. Our rune stones are not all deciphered; some of our Viking mounds are still unexplored. Not long ago we unearthed a grave from the Bronze age. Here in Skone"—lovingly he slurs the long o sound of the vowel a—"we turn up thousand-year-old traditions with our very plowshares!"

Were it not for his imperturbable poise, he might be off, at a signal, to search for the cradle, or one of the cradles of the human race. But quietly he turns instead to historical fact, as he would like to read it: "Once Skone was an independent kingdom in itself." . . . He checks his flow of words and, chuckling, adds: "Know Skone and you really do not need to know the rest of Sweden!"

In Stockholm the city-dweller, born into an atmosphere of Old world leisure and requiring by choice the ultra-modern conveniences that mechanical genius contrives to our age, wanders out to enjoy the lustrous tranquility of one of the "white nights" of the northern summer.

He passes the magnificent willows of King's gardens and halts on Norrbro (north bridge) to listen to the ringing, foamy waters under its span. It forms a link between the old "city between the bridges," with its medieval quaintness of narrow lanes, and the newer Stockholm, with its many public buildings impressively modern in design, which suggest something of the splendor that legend and history have cast over the age of the Renaissance.

Before him rises the facade of the house of parliament. "With the Socialists in the majority, things are in a bad way for our country," he reflects gloomily. But he catches the incongruity in his fears, too, as he faces the commanding simplicity of the massive royal palace. Within its walls, for more than a century, rulers of the Bernadotte line have held the reins of a limited monarchy, untouched by the terrors of revolution or the tumult of war. The quivering beauty of the am-

thist twilight, which before long will begin to throb with the glow of a ruby dawn, possesses his soul. And love for his capital city, of silvery waterways and emerald islands, conquers doubts.

"Courage to experiment with new forms of the changing social order, ranging widely from statecraft to architecture," he reflects, "and wisdom to direct these experiments, rooted firmly in past experience, toward evolutionary progress—something of that courage and that wisdom is the spirit of Stockholm, of Sweden, today."

in the Forest Land.

In the solitudes of the Norrland forests the frontiersman has swung his ax during the brief dusk that is high noon of the winter day. Throwing the logs on the ice-locked rivers, natural floating channels for the timber industry of the Far North, he waits for the release that comes with the thaws of spring.

Under his hand the primeval forest has almost vanished, but the regrowth of spruce and fir and pine is straight and tall. For several decades the Swedish state, stepping in to check indiscriminate waste of virgin forest, has been a zealous guardian of this its most important source of wealth.

By midsummer the rivers will have carried their cargo of logs, numbered by the millions, well down to sorting boom, near the mills, on the eastern coast, where the freighters lie in port. Hope sings in the lumberman's heart as, fascinated, he watches that silent trek of the logs toward the sea.

It is the season of light. On the upper reaches of the Norrland rivers the midnight sun blazes unrelentingly on glaciers and snow-capped peaks, converting them into rushing torrents and swift-surfing rapids. Modern industry steps in and in turn converts that tremendous natural force into "white coal" for the country.

Electricity is conquering the wilderness of the North. White coal, not black, feeds the trains that in unending procession haul ore to seaports from the huge mountains of iron in the Arctic regions.

The tempo of life quickens in the Far North. The frontiersman catches the rhythm of the whir of wheels in sawmill, the roar of turbines in power plant, the click of steel rails in mountain tunnel.

Ours are the riches of the future," he exults. "Here are iron-ore fields among the largest in all Europe. Outside of Finland, probably no other European country has such a high forest wealth (ours approximates 1,000 acres per 100 inhabitants). Excluding Norway, what European power is so lavishly

blessed by nature with bounteous reserves of latent white coal? This is Sweden, the Sweden of tomorrow!"

Oddities of Dialect. They speak with a clear vision—the peasant, the landowner, the city-dweller, the pioneer. The voices reflect unique oddities of dialect, ranging from the melting lusciousness of speech in the south to the airy lightness and willowy grace of the capital, or the sonorous, reverberating sing-song of central or northern Sweden. Radio and the telephone have conquered space, but they stand defeated before the oddities that give the Swedish tongue its enduring charm. These dialects are only one of the many variants that defy the leveling and obliterating trends of our day.

About an eighth of the total area of Sweden is water. In addition, the long, indented coastline brings an increasing number of the inhabitants within range of the open seas or their briny inlets. In July the summer season is at its height. Every rocky or sandy beach is gay with lazy bathers and more strenuous divers.

When there is wind, the seaside resorts around Goteborg and Stockholm suggest continuous regattas. One gets the impression that every Swedish family possesses a rowboat, motor launch, or yacht.

Stockholm, the capital, turns away from the West. Sweden faces the Orient. The winds of industrialism coming from the West seem to have been tempered by the restless battling of the North sea and the lofty snow-capped fields. It is as if Sweden had looked beyond the turbulence of Russia and caught and preserved the spirit of the once serene East.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

HOW LIGHTFOOT GOT RID OF THE HOUNDS.

Poor Lightfoot! It seemed to him that there were no such things as justice and fair play. It was bad enough to have hunters searching the Green Forest for him, watching at the places where he was accustomed to drink, searching every hiding place. Had it been just one hunter at a time against whom he had to match his wits it would not have been so bad, but there



On the Bank the Hounds Stopped and Bayed Their Disappointment.

were many hunters with terrible guns looking for him, and in dodging one he was likely at any time to meet another. This in itself seemed terribly unfair and unjust. But now, added to this was the greater unfairness of being trailed by hounds.

Do you wonder that Lightfoot thought of men as utterly heartless? You see, he could not know that those hounds had not been put on his trail, but had left home to hunt for their own pleasure. He could not know that it was against the law to hunt deer with dogs. But though none of those hunters looking for him was guilty of having put the hounds on his trail, each one of

them was willing and eager to advantage of the fact that hounds were on his trail. All he knew that he would be shot at if he should be driven where a hunter was hidden.

The ground was damp, and always lies best on damp ground. This made it easy for the hounds to follow him with their wonderful noses. Lightfoot tried every he could think of to make hounds lose the scent.

"If only I could make them long enough for me to get a rest, it would help," panted Lightfoot as he paused for just an instant to listen to the baying of the hounds.

But he couldn't. They all him no rest. He was becoming very tired. He could no longer bound lightly over fallen logs or brush as he had done at first. His lungs ached as he panted for breath. He realized that even though he should escape the hunters, it would be to meet an even more terrible fate.

He realized that those hounds were his favorite topic of conversation. Or he'll talk with him and tear him to pieces.

It was then that he remembered the Big River. He turned toward it. Straight through the Green Forest he went to the bank of the Big River.

Lightfoot ran. For just a second he paused to look behind. The hounds were almost at his heels. Lightfoot hesitated no longer, but plunged into the Big River and began to swim.

On the bank the hounds stopped and bayed their disappointment.

Lightfoot swam on, and they did not dare follow him into the Big River.

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STAR DUST
MOVIE AND RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

BUCK JONES had a grand reunion with his wife and daughter when they arrived in New York from a round-the-world trip. Noah Beery, Jr., joined in; he made the trip east with Buck for the best of reasons—he and Buck's daughter, Buckine, are engaged, you know.

Another man who'd like to have a reunion with his daughter is Pat O'Brien, who made the trip east for business reasons; his daughter, Maevourneen, is only eighteen months old, and the O'Briens felt that she was a bit young to go traveling, so she stayed home with her mother, who has a gown shop. O'Brien received a royal welcome, with newspaper photographers and reporters and all the things, but he didn't want to talk about himself. His wife and daughter are his favorite topics of conversation. Or he'll talk about Cagney—what a swell guy he is, and how much he likes work with him. They've just finished "Ceiling Zero" together. But his pet picture, of those he's in, is "Oil for the Lamps of the Green Men."

WILL ROGERS, daughter of the bearded Will, will probably be heard behind the scenes, but his heels. Longer, but plumper, and began to what she really wants now, and as she's pretty and she'll probably make a hit of it.

Information from Charlie Chaplin: most of the things I want, I found out after I got them. I should never have wanted the first place." But it's much easier to feel that way than after you have it!

FRED ASTAIRE rather hated thought of settling down on the stage, just at first—yet Fred has very well made pictures everywhere else. You can't help him—his friends were in fact, and being a Hollywood isn't much fun. But she likes him now—so California has given him one more easterner.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" knocked a lot of records recently; during the week at the Capitol theater in New York, there were still people in line for tickets. A swell movie with tears—but I warn you girls that, if you like brutality, you're going to your eyes through a good part of their de-

sakes, who lost their hopes, tract their bits, heavy their way with tears, with the blood! We ask for love and faithful return that are sore and with him.

Grant our thine shall honor and glory en."

A BOY!

Blondell took off 15 pounds

TRAIN'S GONE

He's Not Who He Thought

A man came into a barber shop the other day and asked for the works. He was in the chair, lather on his face, a mancure working on his nails, when another man burst in and cried excitedly: "Hey, Shapiro, your house is on fire."

The fellow jumped out of the chair and ran down the street, the towel around his neck waving in the wind, the lather drying on his cheeks. Out of breath, he stopped suddenly. "What the Dickens is the matter with me?" he muttered. "My name ain't Shapiro."—June Provin in Chicago Tribune.

—

Necessary Health

Health is so necessary to all the

duties as well as pleasures of life that

the crime of squandering it is equal

to the folly.

Mark Twain Depicted
as a Serious Thinker

Mark Twain as a serious thinker and philosopher was described by Frederick C. Hibbard, Chicago sculptor who designed the Mark Twain statue and the monument to Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn at Hannibal, Mo.

"Mark Twain resented the fact that people laughed when he meant to be serious and that is why his statue in Hannibal does not show him smiling," said Mr. Hibbard. "During my study and research I was impressed with his seriousness. He was also a profound thinker. My

treatment of Samuel Clemens (the author's real name) as a serious man won me the privilege of designing the Hannibal statue."

Artificial Heart

Blood transfusions may be carried on more rapidly and conveniently than in the past, through the use of a new electrically driven "artificial heart," which is interposed between the blood donor and the receiver, Science Service reports. The "heart," which is the invention of a Paris surgeon, consists of a small rotary pump which gives the transfused blood a "boost" with impulses simulating those of the natural pulse.

Tall Waggers Foundation
Lobby Not Hand Shakers

The Tall Waggers Foundation of America recently filed corporation papers with California's secretary of state at Sacramento.

Headed by Harry Hammond Beall with headquarters at Los Angeles, the Tall Waggers will prosecute dog poisoners, establish dog shelters, fight vivisection, war on "dognappers," create lost dog recovery stations, educate children to be kind to animals, and lobby for legislation benefitting dogs.

WHEN TIRE DELAYS STOLE PROFITS—
SENT DELIVERY COSTS SKYWARD . . .

THEY CHANGED TO
Firestone
GUM-DIPPED TIRES



TIRE delays were playing havoc with this man's business. Treads wore down fast—they failed to hold on slippery pavements. The situation was serious—something had to be done to lower costs and maintain on-time deliveries.

So he changed to Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires! And now his troubles are over! For Firestone Tires are built with patented construction features and stand up under most grueling conditions.

The Gum-Dipped cord body prevents internal friction and heat—chief cause of premature wear and blowouts. The two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords securely lock the massive non-skid tread and cord body together. These patented features are used in no other tire.

See your nearby Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Tire Dealer. Start reducing your operating costs today.

ON-TIME
SCHEDULES

FASTER, MORE
DEPENDABLE
SERVICE

LOWER
OPERATING
COSTS

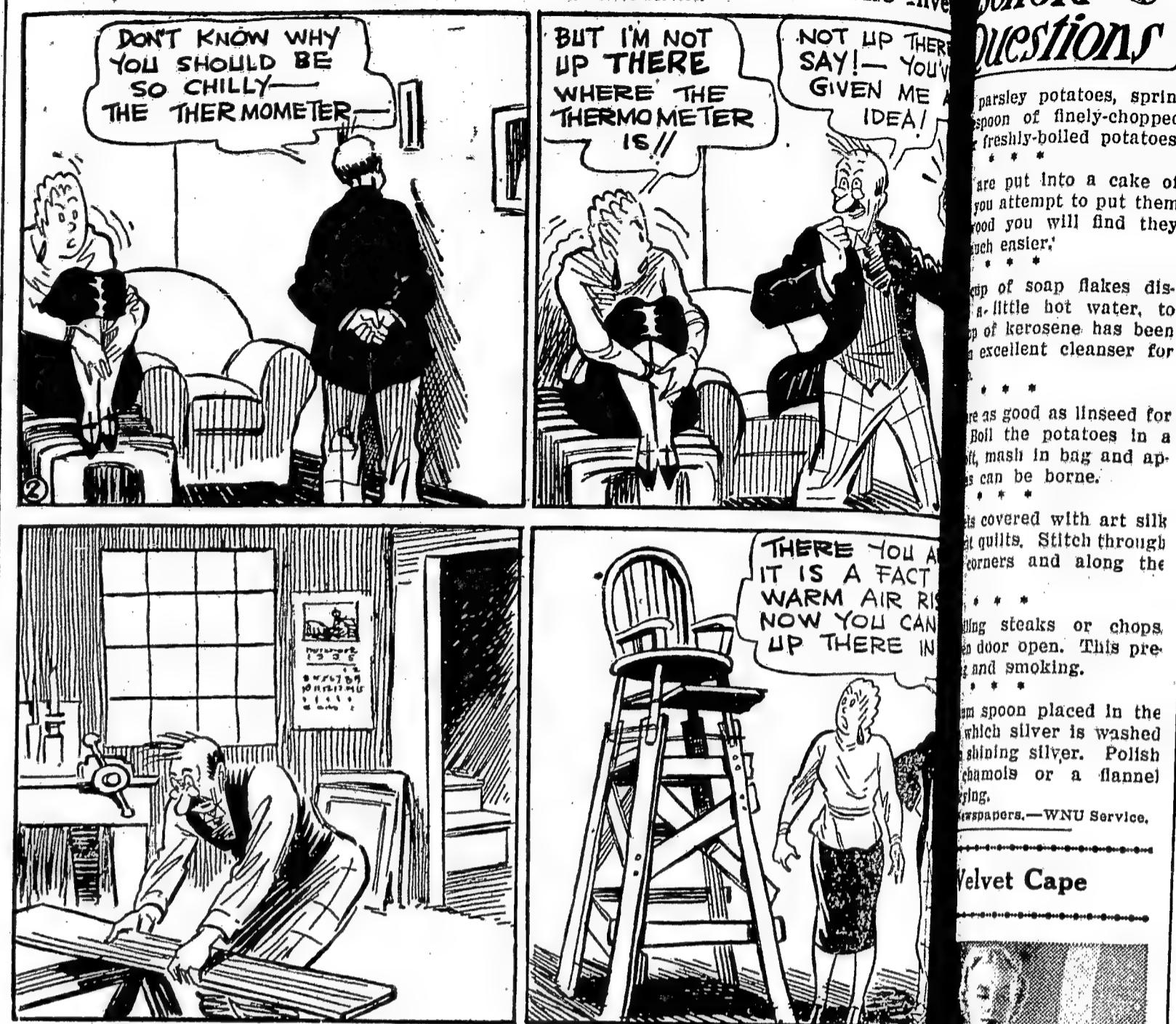
Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks or Nelson Eddy—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network

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AMAZE A MINUTE
SCIENTIFACTS ~ BY ARNOLD



THE FEATHERHEADS



The Household
QUESTIONS

12

parsley potatoes, spring spoon of finely-chopped freshly-boiled potatoes.

are put into a cake of you attempt to put them good you will find they much easier.

cup of soap flakes dis- a little hot water, to of kerosene has been an excellent cleanser for

as good as linseed for Boil the potatoes in a pot, mash in bag and apply can be borne.

is covered with art silk quilt. Stitch through corners and along the

ring steaks or chops a door open. This pre- and smoking.

an spoon placed in the which silver is washed shining silver. Polish diamonds or a flannel

newspaper.—WNU Service.

Velvet Cape

Our Pet Peeve—



Like Father, Like Son
Fearful Father—My boy, the next time you have an urge to kiss the new maid, I'd suggest that you use a more secluded spot.

Freshman Fred—Oh, the hall was dark enough, Dad. Besides, she thought it was you.

WAS THAT YOU?



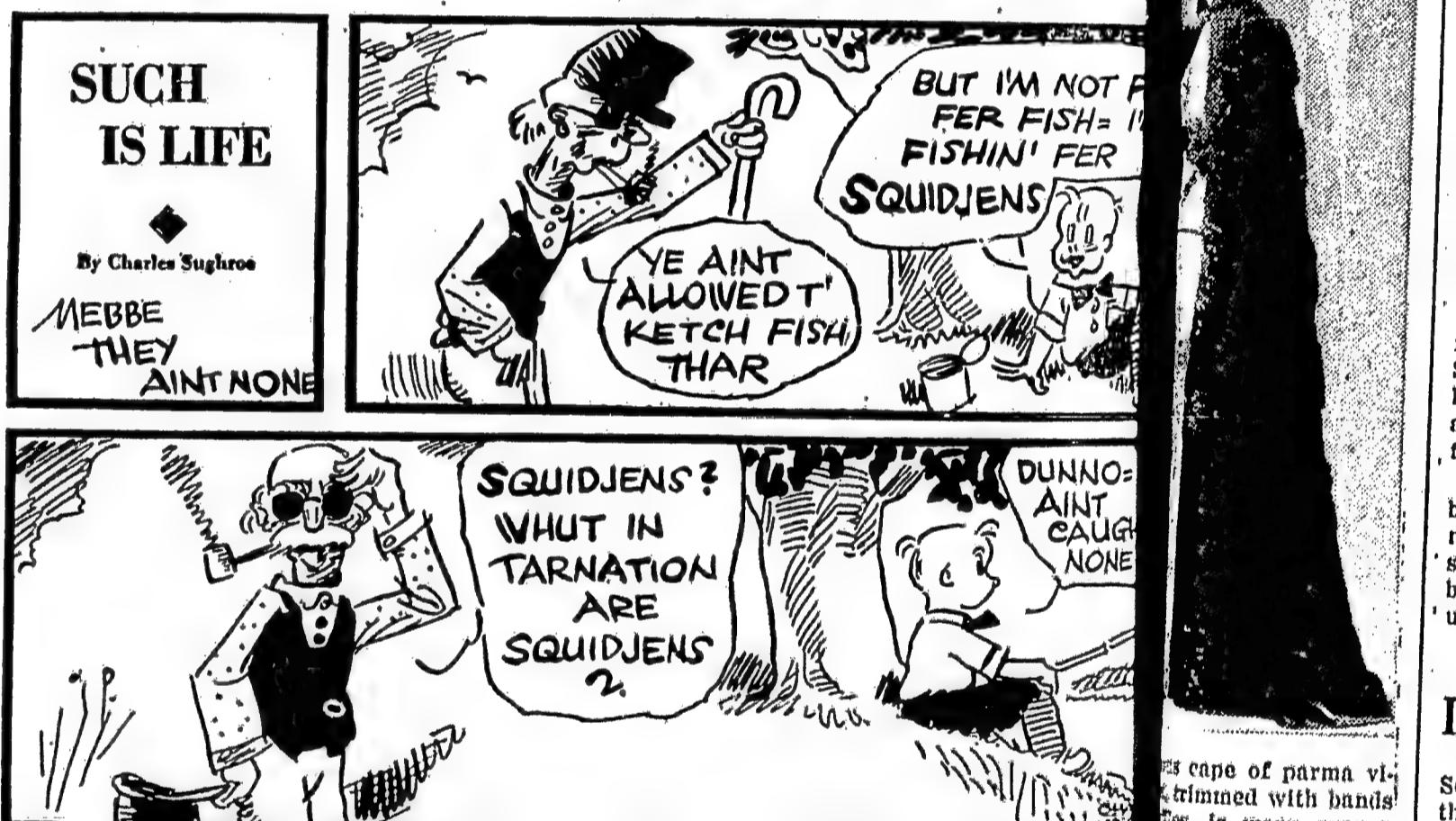
He—Don't you remember me from Atlantic City?
She—I tipped so many people while I was there, I can't remember 'em all.

State of Confusion
"Does your wife play bridge?"
"I don't know. She tried to show me how it is played, and if bridge is the game she tried to teach me, nobody can play it."



SUCH
IS LIFE

By Charles Sughros
MEBBE THEY AINT NONE



ON THE LINKS



"Anyone playing today, caddie?"
"Yes, ma'am; a gentleman with a caddie and a man carryin' fur his self."

A Place to Stay

"Hubby—if you don't stop naggin' me I'm going to tell you a few things."

Wifey—You might begin by tellin' me why you called me "Baby" in your sleep last night.—I'm a mother.

Magazine.

TRouble AHEAD

It was midnight. Roberts was huddled up in a chair in the smoking room of his club, a worried expression on his face. Soon a friend came in.

"Hello!" he said. "Not going home?"

"No," murmured Roberts in despairing tones. "I daren't. Things have gone wrong."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said his friend. "What's the trouble? Perhaps I can help."

Roberts moaned.

"No one can help," he replied. "At seven o'clock I telephoned my wife and gave her a marvelous excuse for not coming home.—And now I've forgotten what I said."

—Answers Magazine.

Disturbing the Home
"Do you think a woman's place is in the home?"

"No," answered Mr. Meekton. "I don't like to be interrupted with bridge parties when I am trying to get the children to sleep."

ALL THE SAME



KEEP MONEY AT HOME
a job. Pleasant, dig-
ing \$1.00 postpaid.
East 18 St., New York.

What will they be
this year? What are
you doing to prevent
them? Use
PARK & POLLARD.

AMAR FEEDS

You will effectively
lose. Ask your
PARK & POLLARD CO.,
120, N.Y. Boston, Mass.
The Congo River
about 3,000 miles and
of more than 1,400,000

The Inve

Household Questions

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Us Present-Day Sissies.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Our ancestors, the men and women who whittled this country out of ramping wilderness—they were different, although perhaps difficult to get along with. They'd fight you over almost any issue—their personal rights, their public wrongs, their national principles, their private prejudices, their outer boundaries, their internal policies. They fought one another; they fought foreign powers. But, excusing politicians and professional whiners, they didn't do such an awful lot of fretting over the painfully primitive conditions of a pioneering life. We, their children, with too many laws we won't enforce, too many criminals we won't punish, too many unjust taxes we won't rebel against—we complain about everything. It's as though a race of eagles bred a breed of worms that turn only to turn the other cheek. I guess we're getting peevishly flabby.

I woke up this morning feeling as flabby as a cold flapjack, and I don't know when I've been peevish. So I sat down and wrote this. N.B.—And never mind telling me that a worm hasn't any cheek. I know that as well as you do.

Van Sweringen's Passing.

GRANTED, that in these shifting times there is a somewhat prevalent tendency to regard it this way and be governed accordingly: for a man to have been a success is a crime, but to have been a failure is a profession.

Even so, there's still a thrill, reading of the career of M. J. Van Sweringen. Horatio Alger might have written him. He starts life as a newsboy in Cleveland. Today, at fifty-four, he lies dead there.

How many millions he left, nobody knows. Probably he didn't much care. It must have been the sport and not the size of the gamebag that made him a dominant figure in railroading and finance.

The Source of an Idea.

I RAN across it the other day—this ancient one.

Shipwrecked mariners in crisis. Sea rising, life raft sinking beneath them, no rescue craft in sight. Situation seems to call for professions of faith. But no body can quote from the Scripture, nobody can sing a hymn, nobody even knows a prayer. Desperately, the mate speaks up: "Men, we gotta do somethin' plous—let's pass the hat!"

I read that antique wheeze and in a flash the puzzle was solved. Now I know where they got the original idea—those economic wizards in and out of congress, who, in times like these, bob up with various theories, but all aimed at the same purpose; namely, that financial security can be restored and by giving industry a chance to recuperate, but by taking away the previous fruits of industry.

Hollywood's Newest Gravance.

HOLLYWOOD sentiment is that those alleged polygamists recently on trial over at Kingman, in Arizona, should be penalized for breaking the rules. You see, the curious colony up there in the desert favors having a lot of wives all at once, whereas the Hollywood championship team prefers various

wives, one at a time, which prevents confusion and works out to the same gratifying high scores in the end.

But no matter how the law may serve those Arizona husbands, I would put in a plea for the female co-defendants charged with marrying 'em so copiously. For I've just seen some newspaper pictures of the male prisoners. Gentlemen of the jury, if they be true likeesses, those poor near-sighted women have suffered enough. Talk about being more shamed against than sinned.

That Banker's Identity.

IF THE President won't name him, I shan't. But I'll bet anything—anything I have left, I mean—that the distinguished banker who told him this country could safely go in debt for quite a lot more billions is the same financial wizard who counseled me about my dainty little investments in the blithe, braw days before 1929. It certainly sounds like the same fellow.

On second thought, maybe not. Because the last I heard of my banker, he was sitting by the steam-pipes at a county poor-farm back East, telling the other inmates about an infallible system for beating those stock market boys. You see, he was sucker enough to follow his own advice. Can you imagine?

IRVIN S. COBB.
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Irvin S. Cobb

Velvet Cape



CAPE OF PARMA VELVET
TRIMMED WITH BANDS
FEET, IS WORN OVER A
SILK GOWN. CUT
IN THE BACK, THE
CAPE IS MADE WITH A PEPPERMINT
COSTUME IS FROM

COLD Now!
NE'S COLD TABLETS

MAKE MONEY AT HOME
Get a job. Pleasant, direct
paying. \$1.00 postpaid.
East 18 St., New York.

What will they be
this year? What are
you doing to prevent
them? Use
PARK & POLLARD.

MAR FEEDS

you will effectively
lose, Ask your
PARK & POLLARD CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Congo River
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India, Empire Itself, Unlike Other Sections

India has a peculiar and particular status in the British empire, unlike that of any other division. It is an empire in itself, embracing kingdoms and states with various forms of government, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is an Indian legislature, but with no such extensive powers as those of the self-governing dominions; and the British government maintains a tighter control over the policies of the Indian administration than over those of most of the crown colonies.

Legally, "British India" means all territories governed by the king-emperor through the governor-general of India, or through any governor or other officers subordinate to the governor-general of India; while "India" means British India together with the territories of the princes and chiefs who are simply under the suzerainty of the king-emperor. The subdivisions of "British India" are called provinces; the other territories are chiefly states.

Habits of Natives of Papua

For brightness and color, Port Moresby in Papua tops all other world ports of call. Its natives being wholly free from the sophistication which has affected most of the South seas. Each of the numerous tribes has its own series of dances and extraordinary head-dresses. In the Motu tribe, for example, the men's headdresses are of bird-of-paradise plumes, and cassowary, parrot, cockatoo and kingfisher feathers. To these are added the fur of the spotted cuscus and strings of dog teeth. The women wear a rami (grass skirt) of shredded fiber of the sago palm and pandanus leaf, and their bodies are frequently tattooed from head to foot, even eyelids, lips and fingers being included in the decorative scheme. The tattoo artist uses a twig of thorns, the barbs of which act as needles. The ink is soot collected from tree smoke.

In the air seasoning process the moisture content of the wood is reduced by exposure to atmospheric conditions. This means that the wood must remain in the lumber yard for many seasons before it is conditioned for manufacture into furniture which will withstand the strain of household use and not warp and shrink with changes in temperature. This is the oldest method of seasoning wood. It is long and costly.

Just as artificial methods are found more satisfactory in many processes, so kiln drying of woods is more certain, less expensive and quicker. Artificial heat may be applied to the lumber and the moisture reduced to the exact quantity most desirable for furniture.

The dry kiln is the product of about 30 years' research and experience.

The Scone Stone

In Westminster Abbey there is a beautifully carved chair in which our kings sit when they are crowned. Under the seat of the chair is a big piece of stone. This is the stone on which the kings of Scotland used to be crowned. It was brought to London from Scone, near Perth, back in 1296, when Edward I took an army into Scotland. Many legends are attached to it. One says that it was the stone on which Jacob rested his head when he had the vision of the Angels journeying between heaven and earth.—Pearson's Weekly.

Interesting Churches in London

Throughout the city of London there are many interesting churches, situated in peculiar positions—some sandwiched between large modern business premises and others hidden away in side passages—but most of them date from the seventeenth century, having been erected since the great fire of London in 1666, which destroyed the old buildings. St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, near Newgate street, survived the great fire, and is over eight hundred years old.

Tarpon Related to Herrings

The tarpon, a fish allied to the herrings, reaches a length of 7 feet. Zeal is Not Enough

Zeal without knowledge is like

fire without a grate to contain it;

like a sword without a hilt to

wield it by; like a high-bred horse

without a bridle to guide him. It

speaks without thinking, acts without planning, seeks to accomplish

a good end without the adoption of

becoming means.

WHIMS OF FASHION

Just as the renaissance influences the colors, so does it the fabrics.

The military note creeps into fashions whether or not we believe in wars.

A growing number of women like casual tweed coats for everyday wear, and with this type of coat one may wear scarfs for several sorts.

Schlaparelli offers a new sensation—a dance dress with pantalotes, belt with padlock.

Ermine-trimmed woolen or velvet suits are reported selling well in many sections of the country.

Pleats are important part of the fashion picture and occur in daytime, dinner and evening fashions.

Watch the hood as the newest silhouette influence. Presented first in furs, it is now used in fabrics for sport.

Fur hats are keyed to many custom fashions. They may be trimmed with flowers, bird wings or ribbon bows.

No Need to Suffer Morning Sickness

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesia.

Why Physicians Recommend

Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

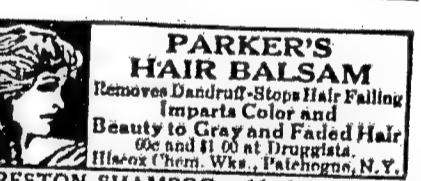
Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



35c & 60c bottles

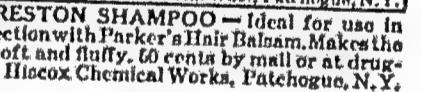
20c tins

The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers



PARKER'S HAIR BALSM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Improves Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and \$1.00 at Drugists
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.



FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in

connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the
hair soft and fluffy. 60 cents by mail or at drug-
store. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

WNU-2 52-35

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

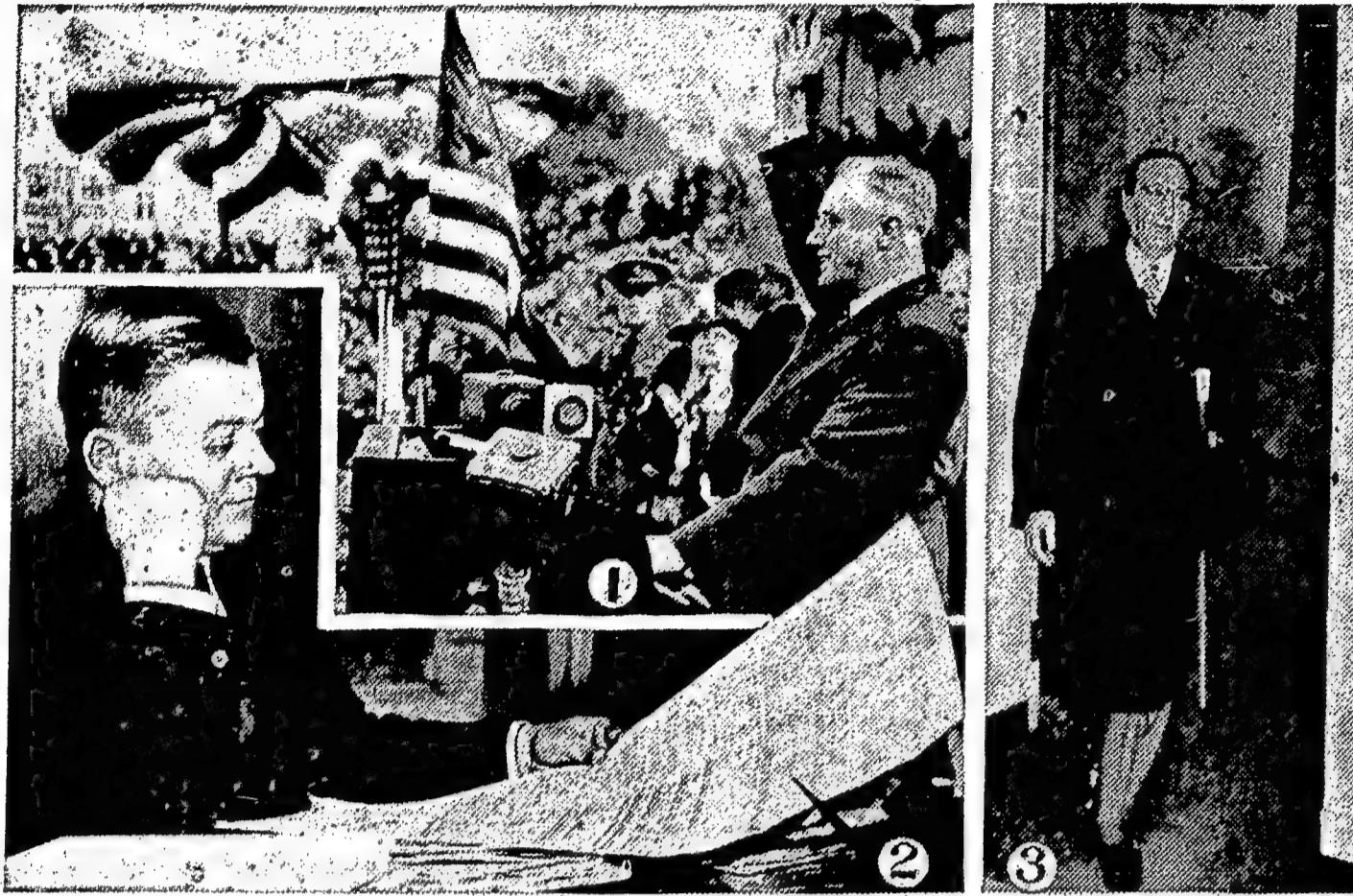
Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended

the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug

store.

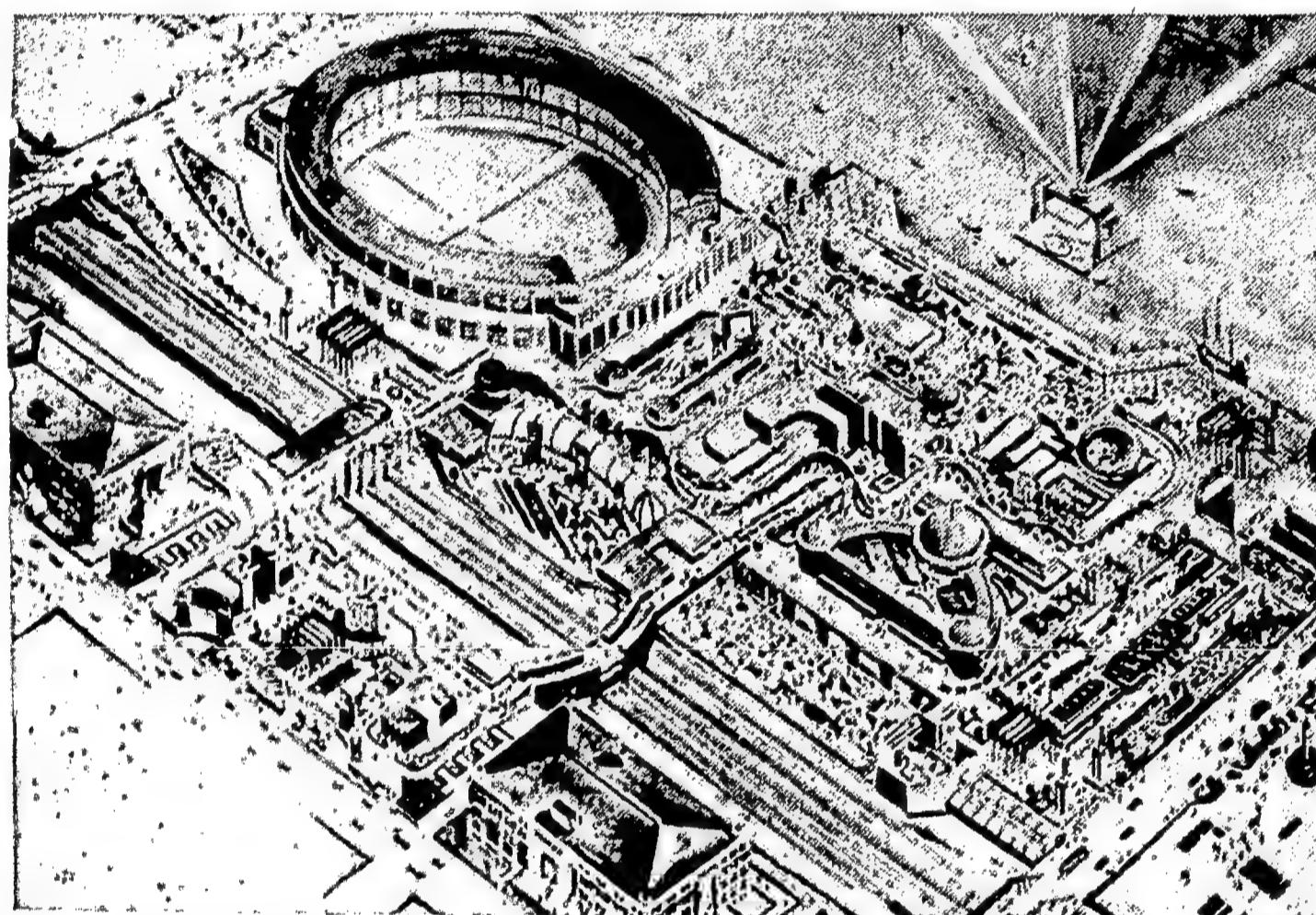
DOAN'S PILLS

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—President Roosevelt addressing 100,000 Georgians at the stadium of Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta. 2—Director of the Budget Daniel Bell studying budget estimates in his office in Washington. 3—Chaffer Khan Djahal, minister from Persia, leaving the State department after lodging formal protest against his arrest by Maryland policemen for speeding.

Cleveland Will Have a Steel Exposition



A mammoth exposition, depicting the romance of iron, steel and machinery and covering approximately 80 acres of Cleveland's downtown lake front, will be staged next summer in celebration of the city's centennial. Known as the Great Lakes Exposition, it will last through July, August and September of 1936. Above is a sketch of the grounds and buildings.

HEADS BRITISH ARMY



Gen Sir Cyril J. Deverell, G. C. B., K. B. E. a colonel of the West Yorkshire regiment, has been appointed head of the British Imperial general staff. He succeeds Field-Marshal Sir Archibald A. Montgomery-Massingberd.

Matanuska Prepares for Winter



The hardy residents of the state of Minnesota who pulled up stakes and settled on government-owned land in the Matanuska valley, are now settling down for the long, hard Alaskan winter. This picture of the Palmer camp shows the temporary lumber sheds and warehouse. The colonists' tents are in the background. Many homes are springing up.

Emperor Haile Selassie Can Smile



Haile Selassie, emperor of Ethiopia, usually is pictured as a ~~un~~ unsmiling man. This snapshot, made as he was acknowledging the ~~of~~ thousands outside his palace on the anniversary of his ascension to the throne, shows that he can smile.

Making Sugar From Dahlia Bulbs



Prolific flower gardens of the South may soon provide a new kind with the extraction of sugar, twice as sweet as cane or beet sugar, from dahlia bulbs. It is being produced experimentally by Dr. LeRoy S. Weatherby, chemistry professor in the University of Southern California. He believes it may serve as another aid in the war against diabetes. The new sugar is more easily oxidizable. The production is similar to that of beet sugar production, the dahlia bulbs being sliced, crushed, converted into starch, then into syrup, from which the fine sugar is separated. The photograph shows Miss Florence Shelly, assistant, and Dr. Weatherby inspecting syrup in a retort.

HAS A PEACE PLAN



Mrs. Grace L. Oswalt of West Lafayette, Ind., photographed in her hotel suite in New York after she had told of her plan for world peace.

and for a "United States World." Mrs. Oswalt proposed to permit foreign nations to put the International bank at Switzerland, the war debts of the United States. The League would be to be the nucleus for the organization of the League of Nations, the International Court, the International Red Cross and all other peace agencies. Its existence, working as part of the machinery of a United States World. The organization would guarantee economic security to all nations, thereby lessening the need of armaments. The president of the United States World would be elected by

3.1.1. Production

Pearl Production
Among a little group of
is in the Persian gulf that
fine pearls, one island,
alone is productive of many
\$10,000,000 worth being
sold. This island produces
excellent quality pearls.

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Can Smile

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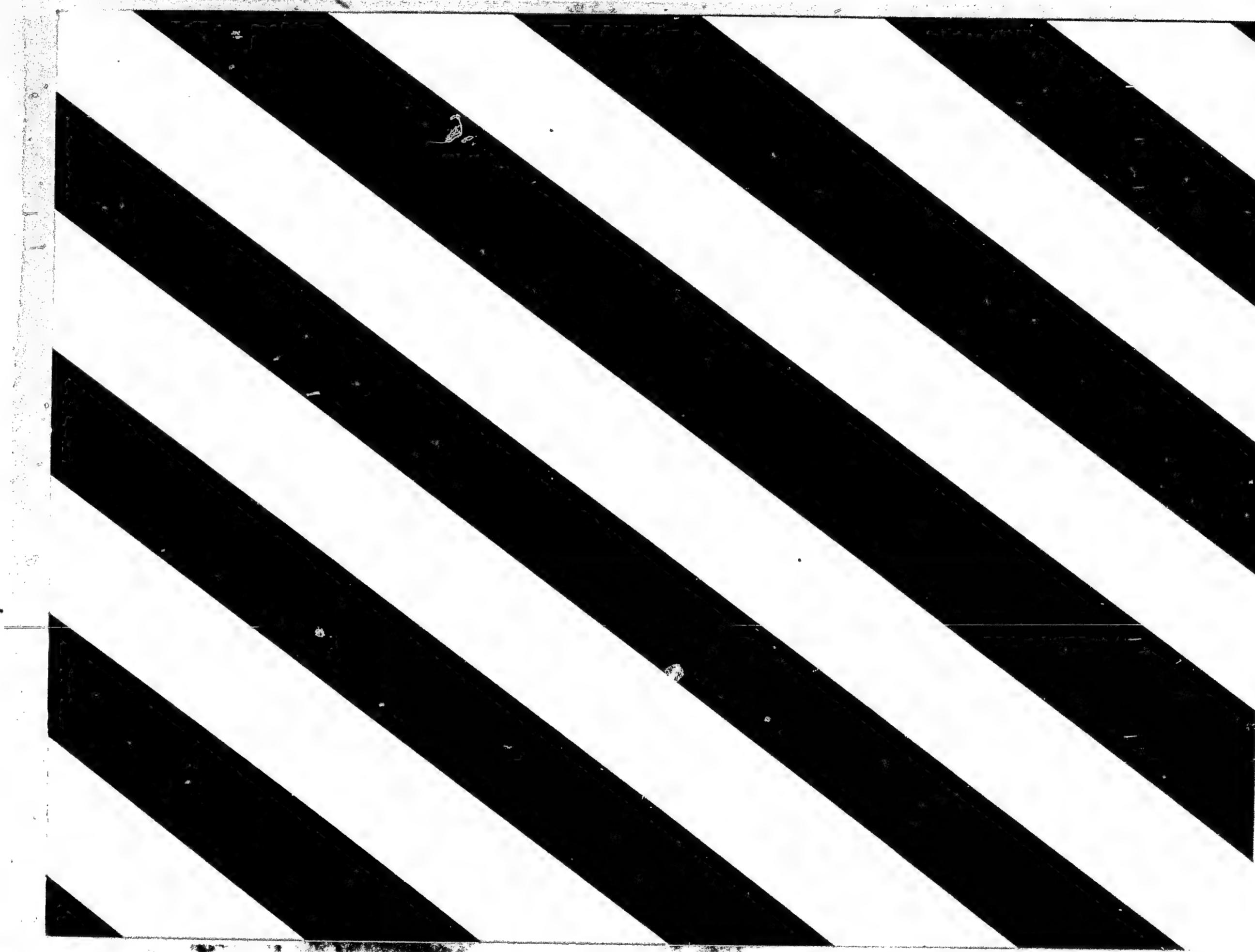
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35MM MICROFILM - NEWSPAPER INDEX - ROLL* 15 - PAGE 2 OF 2 PAGES

PUBLICATION TITLE Bethel, Maine		MONTH	NO PAGES	NO FRAMES	SECTIONS MISSING	PAGE(S) MISSING	REMARKS
"The Oxford County Citizen"		JAN.	40	20			
		FEB.	32	16			
		MAR.	32	16			
		APR.	32	16			Volume 41 Starts Apr. 11, 1935
40 & 41	1935	MAY	40	20			
VOLUME NO.	YEAR	JUN.	32	16			
Jan. 3	THRU Dec. 20	JUL.	64	32			Magazine Section added to paper on July 4, 1935
INCLUSIVE DATES		AUG.	84	42			Special feature added to Aug. 8, 1935 - 4p 14 1/2 x 21 1/4
11 x 17 1/2		SEP.	64	32			
SINGLE PAGE SIZE		OCT.	80	40			
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PAGES PER FRAME		DEC.	64	32			
REDUCTION	17 X	NO FRAMES THIS PAGE	315				
		PRECEDING PAGE	210				
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MAY	40	20			
JUN	34	17			June 14, 1934 - 10p.
JUL	32	16			
AUG	40	20			
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DEC	34	17			Dec 20, 1934 - 10p.
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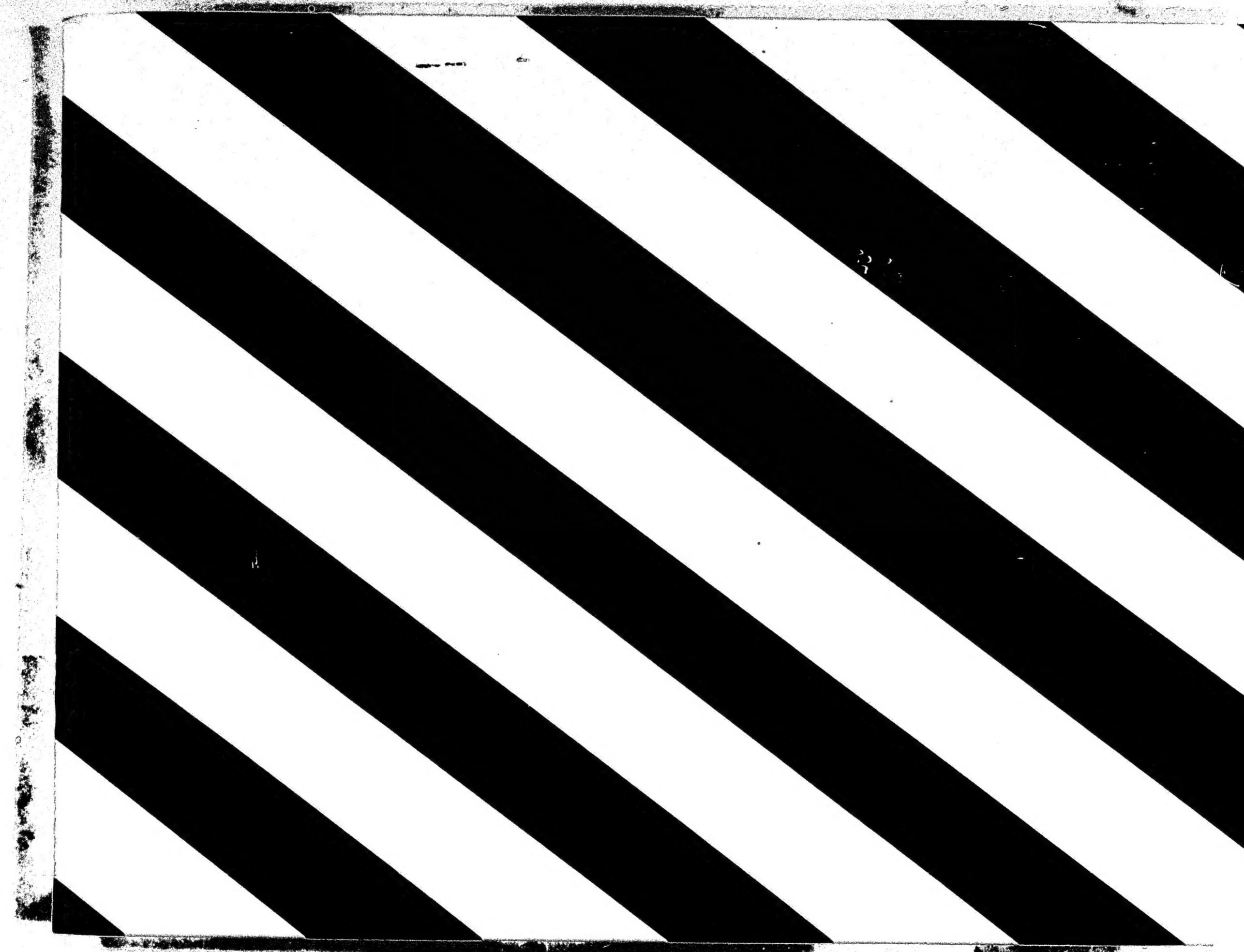
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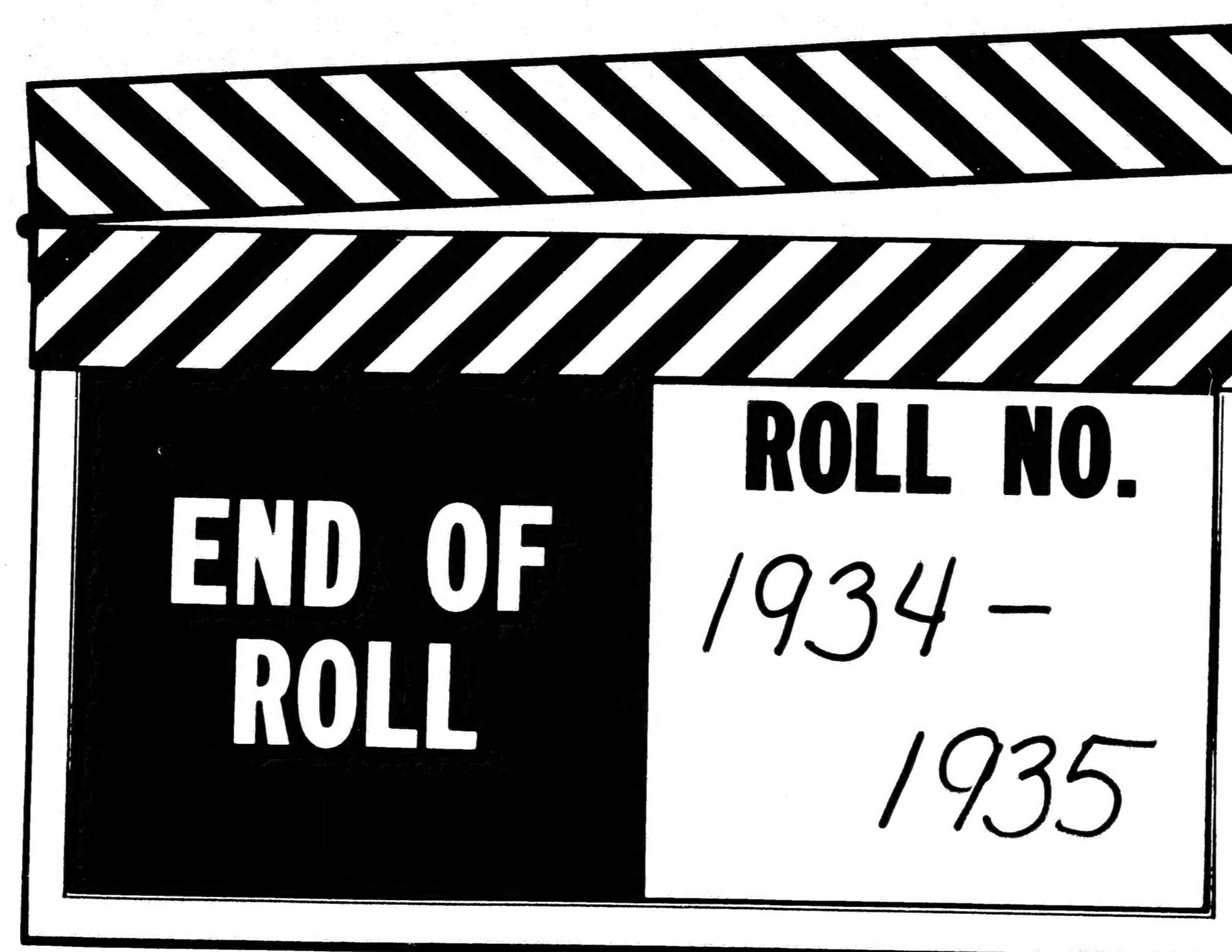
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